

TV MOMENTS WE'LL NEVER SEE!

BANANAS

Let's get in the car and go, Luke!

No,
thanks,
Bo — it's
cheaper to
take the
bus!



LETTERS

WRITE TO: BANANAS, 50 W. 44th St., New York, NY 10036.
MAILING TIP: Your letter will arrive more quickly if you put the letter inside the envelope—not the envelope inside the letter!

DEAR BANANAS:

You are the greatest!

Robert Cochrane
Irving, TX

Thanks for the letter, Robert. But in the future, please try to be a little less wordy!

Jovial Bob

DEAR BANANAS:

I love your crazy mag, but I don't believe Granny Meatloaf! Is she off her nut?

Kim Klines
Atlanta, GA

Yes, she is, Kim. Granny is off nuts for good because the shells kept getting stuck in her nose!

Jovial Bob

DEAR BANANAS:

Our family has discovered that your magazine is excellent for starting fires in our fireplace. However, since BANANAS only comes once a month, it gets pretty chilly around here.

We'd like to know how to order

back issues so we can keep warm again.

John Seger
Garden Grove, CA

Watch for a Back Issues Order Form next month in BANANAS #50, John. You can use it to order all the heating materials you'll need. I hope all you loyal BANANAS readers will keep warm this winter by ordering and burning as many back issues as you can!

Jovial Bob

DEAR BANANAS:

I didn't enter your last contest, but I feel lucky. Did I win anyway?

Lucy Stargell
Key West, FL

Yes, Lucy, you won the contest for the weirdest letter of the month. And believe me—there was plenty of competition! (For other contest winners, see inside back cover.)

Jovial Bob

DEAR BANANAS:

I admire Brooke Shields very much. I know you already had a cover story on her, but perhaps you could do another mini-poster of her. My whole wall is full of her pictures and pictures of Genie Francis. Perhaps you could do a cover story and a poster of Genie Francis for my wall.

Dianne Valdes
Kearney, NJ

Thanks for the suggestions, Dianne. If we can't get Brooke Shields or Genie Francis, would Granny Meatloaf do?

Jovial Bob

DEAR BANANAS:

I know some really good jokes. If you ever need some, just contact me and I'll give them to you.

Bill Howse
Culpepper, VA

What time do you get home, Bill? I'll be over about dinner-time!

Jovial Bob

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BANANAS

The
"Hey—
Lighten Up"
Kid



FUNNYSTUFF

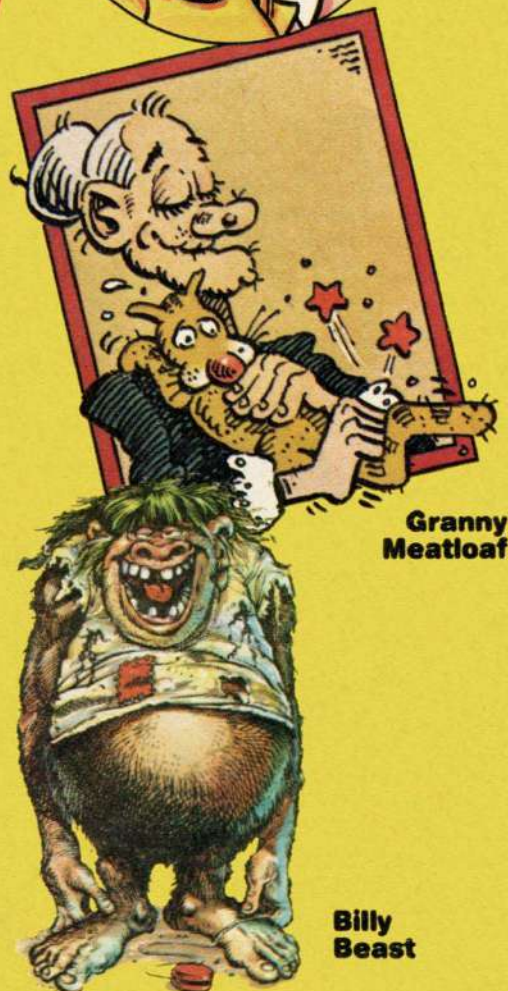
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Granny
Meatloaf

Billy
Beast



Doctor Duck



Joe



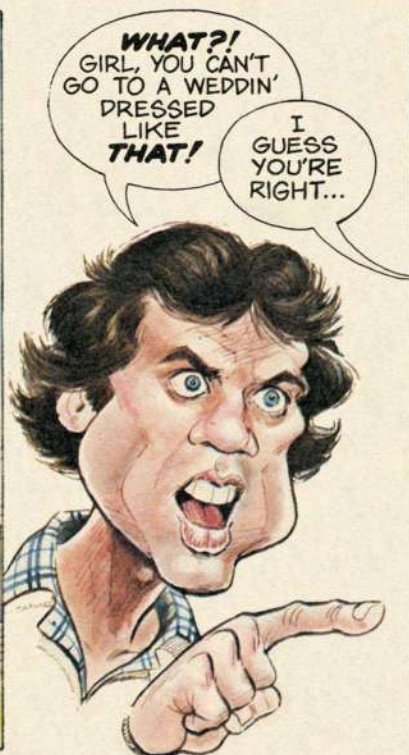
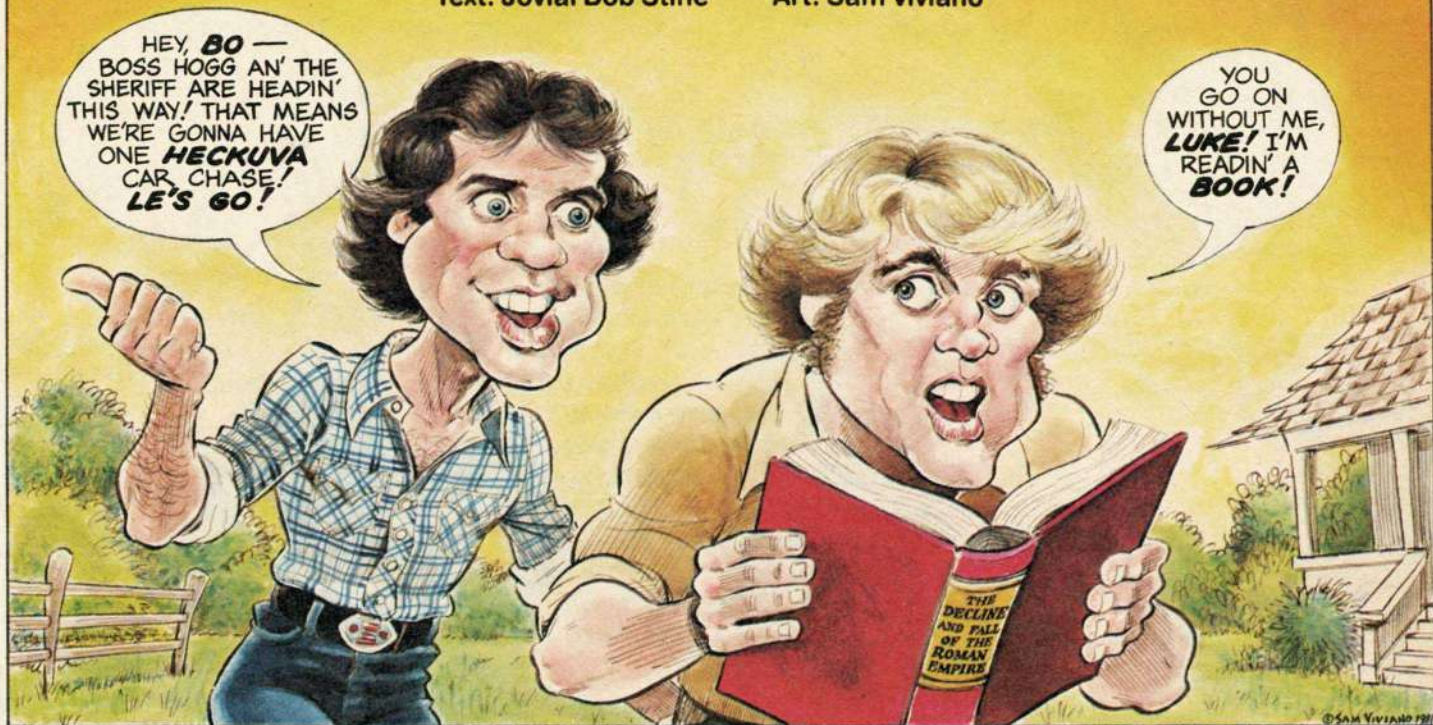
Phil Fly

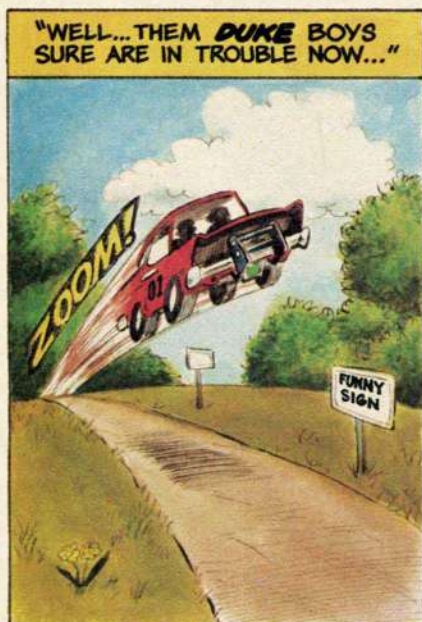
Some weeks you can expect the unexpected on *The Dukes of Hazzard*—but don't expect to see anything as unexpected as these scenes . . .

MOMENTS WE'LL NEVER SEE ON THE DUKES OF HAZZARD

Text: Jovial Bob Stine

Art: Sam Viviano





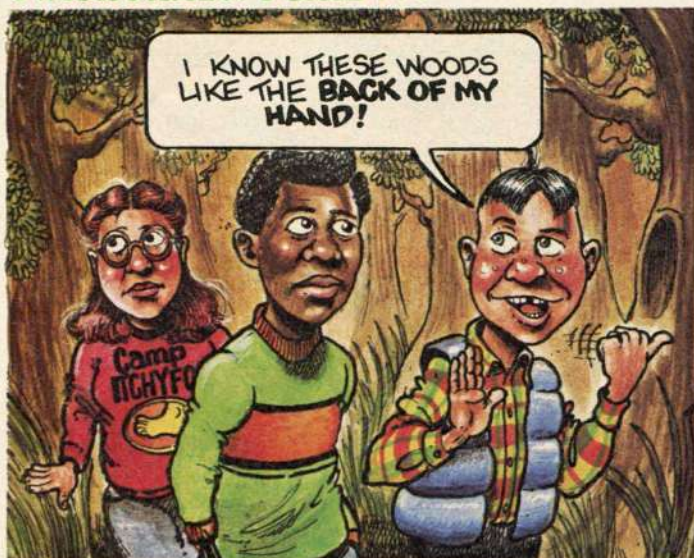
Talk is cheap. Someone named Anonymous said that once. Well, we don't understand that old saying at all. When we talk, it usually costs us a lot—a lot of embarrassment, that is! And if you're like us, you've probably had times when you wanted to scream:

I WISH I HADN'T SAID THAT!!!

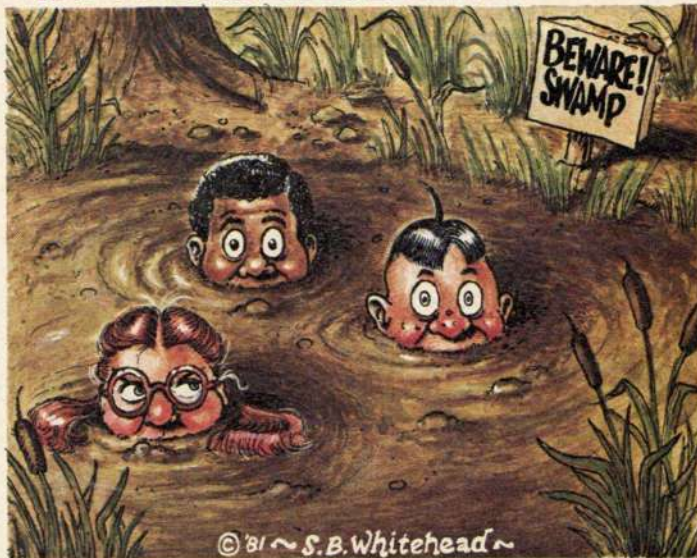
Text: Suzanne Lord

Art: Samuel B. Whitehead

I WISH I HADN'T SAID . . .



WHEN FIVE MINUTES LATER . . .



I WISH I HADN'T SAID . . .



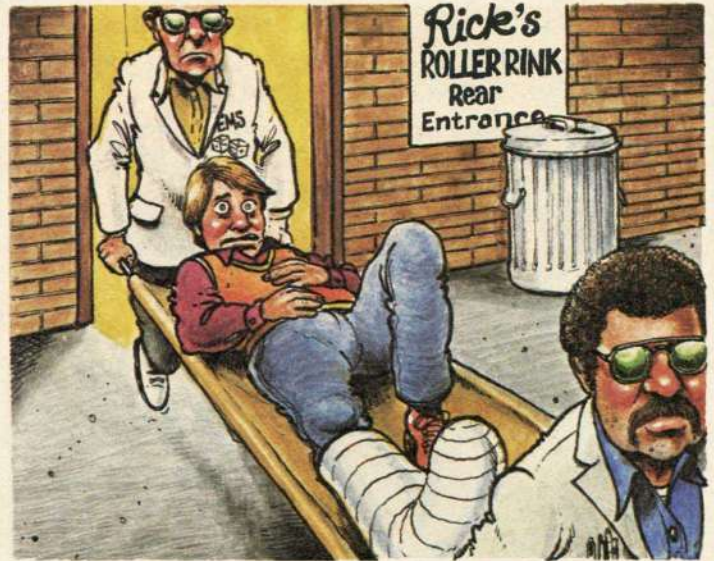
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I WISH I HADN'T SAID . . .



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I WISH I HADN'T SAID . . .



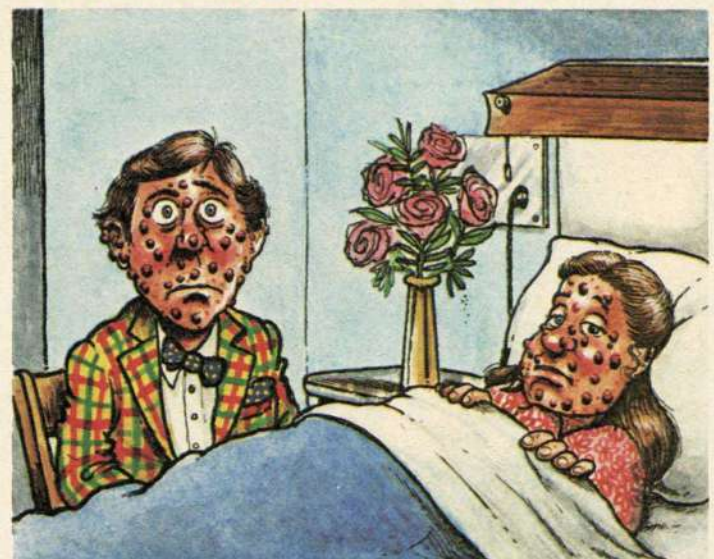
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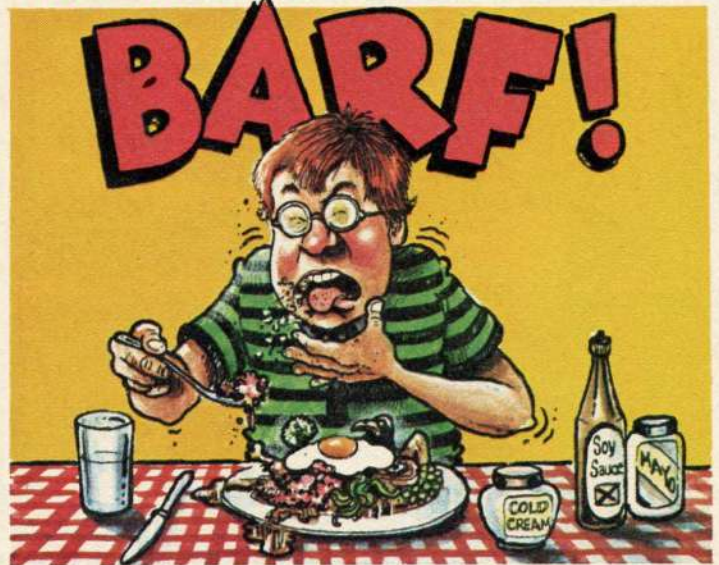
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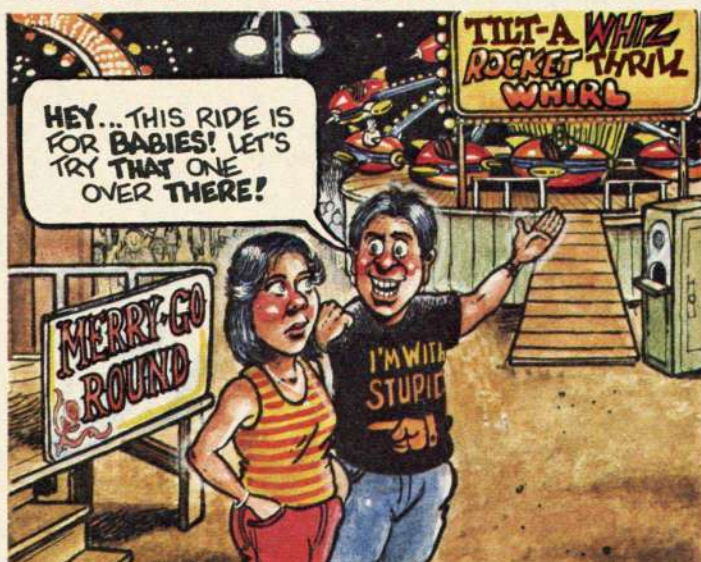
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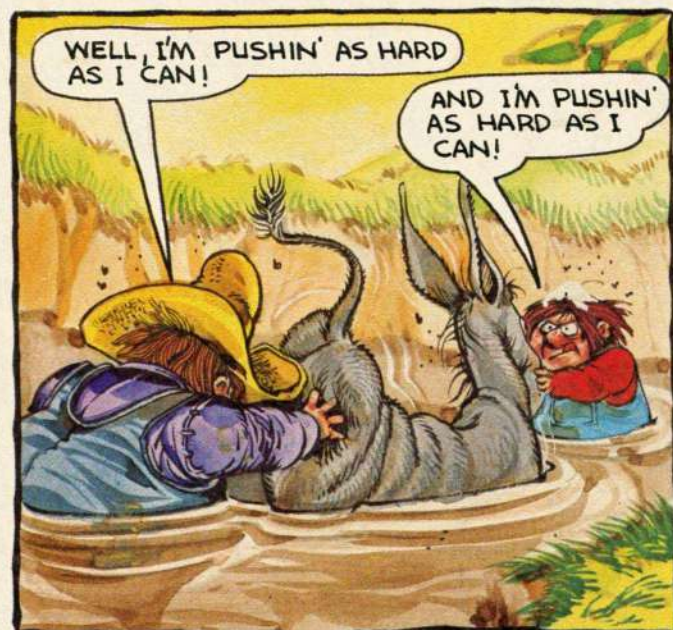
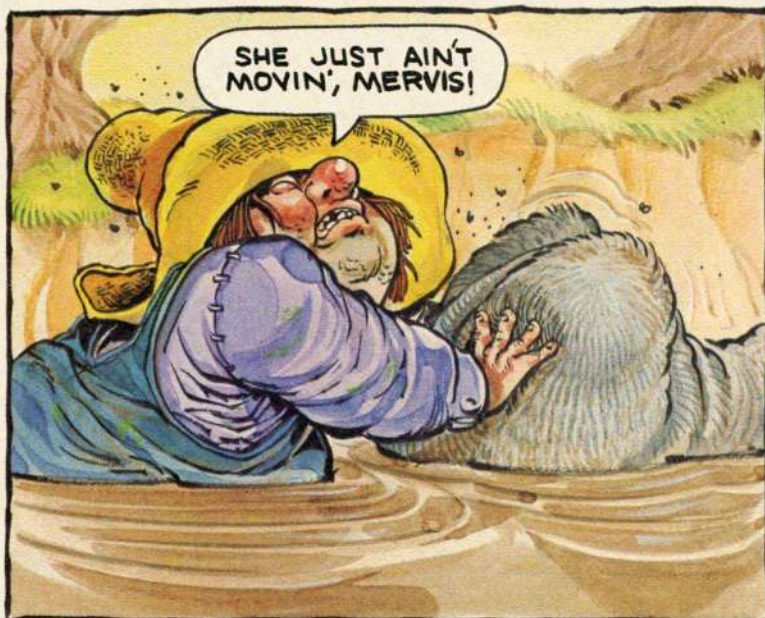
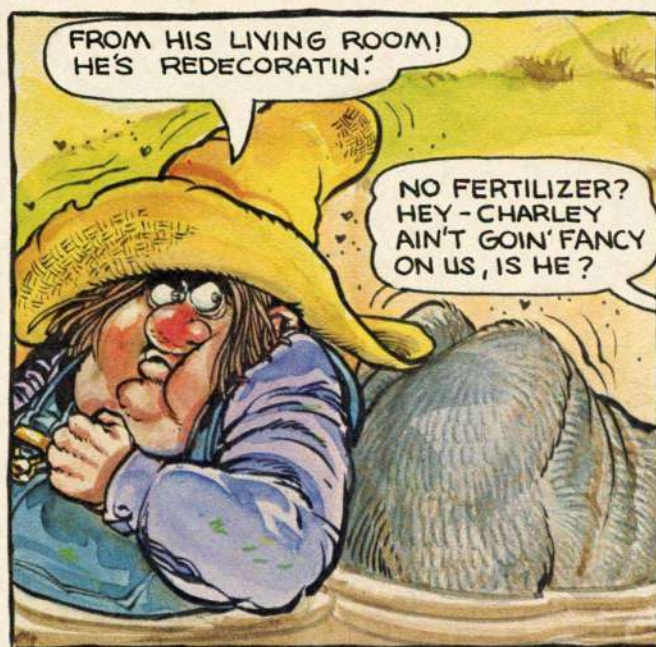
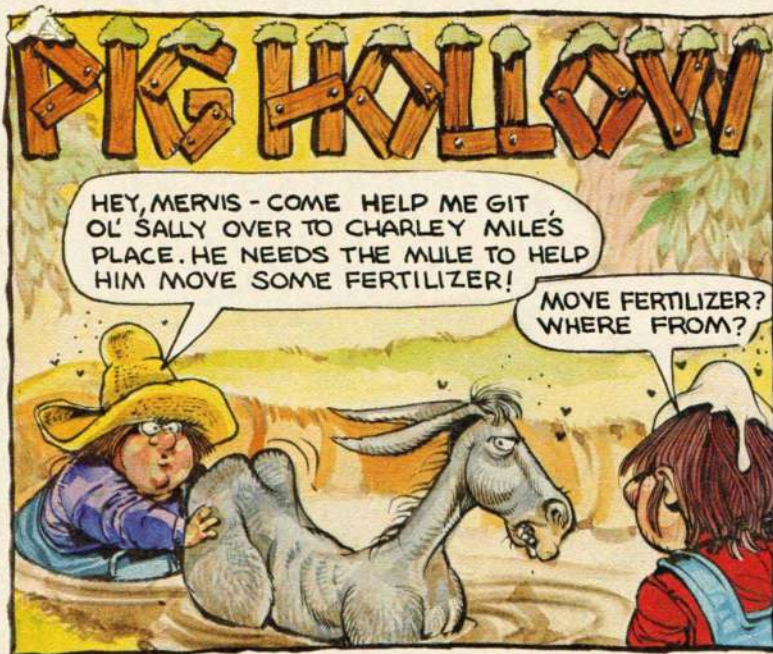


I WISH I HADN'T SAID . . .



WHEN FIVE MINUTES LATER . . .







A Quarter Back for the Pinball Team

A novel—complete in this issue—by Joe Arthur

Was that really Jenny Williams hanging out at Pinball Heaven with the biggest punk in the whole school?!?

“Hey, baby, I’m gonna take you to heaven!” Danny Gottlieb promised Jenny Williams when he walked up to her outside the lunchroom. She was standing in line with her best friend Melanie. Not only did he say what he said, he chucked her under the chin as well.

“Pinball Heaven!” he added in a tone that showed—whether or not it meant anything to Jenny—at least *he* was impressed.

When Jenny didn’t exactly swoon, or even acknowledge his existence, Danny ditched in front of her. Still Jenny didn’t say a word. She did say a few numbers, though. She was counting her teeth.

“Hey,” Danny muttered, “it was just a little love tap, y’ know?” He didn’t look particularly concerned. After all, she was still standing. “I’ve had my eye on you for some time now, sweetie, ever since the first moment I saw you in this line. Let’s you and me go out Saturday.”

“I can’t go Saturday,” Jenny said.

“Sure you can,” said Danny. “There’s no such word as *can’t*.”

“Yes, there is. My mother used it this morning when she told me I can’t go out this Saturday night.”

“I’m allowed to!” Melanie said a little too loudly and without being asked. It never seemed fair that Jenny was always the one they asked out.

“Who’s talking about Saturday night?” Danny asked and laughed like somebody’d just told the funniest joke in history. “Did somebody say something about Saturday night?”

“Tellya what I’m gonna do,” Danny said to Jenny. “Meet me at the mall around noon or so, I’ll take you to Pinball Heaven, introduce you to all the machines,

show you which ones you can cheat on, which ones take slugs, which ones’ll give you the longest time. I’ll even show you the machines I hold the record on, all the machines I beat. They got my name on ‘em!”

“What’d you do,” Melanie asked, “carve it in with your knife?”

Danny looked really insulted. “My name’s inside the games’ computers somewhere, and it flashes on the screen between games. I’ll have you know my name’s been on a couple of those machines since they opened last year. And since the place is open all the time, they never turn the machines off, so my name’s always right there on those screens!”

“What happens if they turn the machines off?” Jenny wanted to know.

“Then my name’s erased. That’s why I always like to play at Pinball Heaven. They’re open twenty-four hours every day, seven days a week—”

“What about the rest of the month?” Melanie asked.

“They gotta close up sometime so they can sweep the place out!” Danny said with contempt. “And I’m just one game away from being the all-time leading scorer at Pinball Heaven, and it’s only one place in a whole *chain* of places!”

“Yeah,” said Melanie, “I read in the paper where they opened their second one last week. Sounds like a really exciting date, you know, watching you push around a bunch of blips.”

“You know it!” said Danny. “And since this is like a real date we’re talking about here, Jenny, I’ll even take care of the money part. Instead of having to take your dollar bills over to the money-changing

machine, you can give me your money, and I’ll take it over to the machine for you!”

* * *

Pinball Heaven was really the pits. It was over at the new Crestland Shopping Mall, down one of the side aisles across from the Crestland 88 Cinema, in between Sandwich City and The World of Shirts. The narrow room was dark, with black pile carpet on the floor. That wasn’t so unusual, but the same theme, not to mention carpet, had been carried right up both walls and across the ceiling. It was a bad place to go if you had the kind of skin that’s sensitive to rug burn.

Danny Gottlieb was captain of the school’s pinball team. Of course, the school didn’t really have a pinball team, not like it had a football team—but if it had had a pinball team, Danny would have been the captain. Or else.

What the school *did* have was a bunch of kids who considered themselves punks, who spent most of their time in the dim recesses of Pinball Heaven. Because it never closed, they could cut school right around the clock. Girls like Melanie and Jenny who hadn’t been inside an arcade in their entire sheltered lives looked down on these boys with a mixture of curiosity and contempt. It appeared to them the punks’ lives were filled with romance and danger. Other people had to put up with an awful lot, but the punks never seemed to take anything off anybody, unless you included a few wallets, purses, and car radios.

All they excelled in at school was failure. To a Danny Gottlieb an F was just another letter from an alphabet he couldn’t

use. The very worst it could be was part of an infected tattoo. Pinball Heaven was where they were winners.

"Look at Jenny Williams talking to that punk!" a girl Jenny hardly knew was whispering as she walked by them in the hall.

"I heard what that snob said!" Danny said. "Sticks and stones'll break my bones, but names will never hurt me!"

"That's good," said Melanie. "Let me write that down."

"You don't care if they call you a punk?" Jenny asked. Everyone she knew cared very much what people called them.

"Of course not," he said.

"How about greaser?" Melanie asked.

"What if they call you a greaser?"

"Doesn't bother me."

"Garbage?" Melanie tried. "Creep? Zero? Freak? Airhead?"

"None of it bothers me, man," he said, "because deep down inside I know exactly who I am. I know I'm *bad*! I'm the baddest punk in this whole school! So you can go ahead and turn me down, sweetie, and you'll miss your big chance to go out with the undisputed Baron of the Bumpers, you know what I'm sayin'?"

"I'm really sorry," said Jenny who really wasn't. "I told you I can't go out and I can't."

"OK, OK," he said. "I can take a hint. No one has to hit me over the head, but I'd almost bet money you're gonna change that pretty little mind of yours. Let's just count on you stoppin' by the mall Saturday sometime. Remember, Jenny, I like my women with a lot more eye shadow, and another thing, don't be late!"

No one had to hit him over the head, but Jenny almost wished someone would. And if Danny was becoming a major problem, the fact that their lunch period would be ending any second promised to be a crisis.

"Ohhhhhhhhh," cried Jenny. "Now we'll *never* get them! We're going to be the only ones in the entire ninth grade who didn't get them!"

"Didn't get *what*?" Danny wanted to know. "What's this line you're standing in anyway?"

The bell rang.

"That senior over there," Melanie pointed, "the one who's captain of the football team—"

"Ross LaCoste!" Jenny said breathlessly. "He told us to stand in this line here if we wanted to get our elevator tickets."

* * *

"HEY, GIRLS! DID YOU GET YOUR ELEVATOR TICKETS?"

They were walking home from school when they looked up to see Ross LaCoste,

full-time heart throb of practically every girl in school. He was grinning at them out of the window of his very sleek, very expensive sports car.

"That was a really rotten thing you did!" Melanie shouted angrily. "That wasn't any line to buy elevator tickets, and you knew it all the time!"

"Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!" laughed Ross.

"That's all right, Ross," said Jenny. Her heart was racing. "Standing around in lines is one of my hobbies."

Melanie looked from one to the other and back again and couldn't believe her eyes. What she saw was Jenny's dream coming true. It was clear for all to see that Ross definitely liked what he saw. For her part, Jenny was looking back at him

Jenny and Ross said they were working on a report. But even a fool could see they were studying each other!

through stars in her eyes.

Melanie decided she'd seen enough. She started toward home, waving goodbye to Jenny. Jenny returned her wave absently. She only had eyes for Ross.

* * *

Jenny's phone rang right after supper, but she didn't answer it because it was probably Melanie calling to shoot the breeze, and she wanted to keep the line open in case Ross called. By the time she'd finished her homework and was ready for bed that night, the phone had rung a dozen or more times, but so far as she knew, Ross hadn't called.

* * *

Next day at school Ross met Jenny in the library. They sat in a clutter of TV monitors, movie screens, loop projectors, opaque projectors, slide projectors, overhead projectors, audio recorders, video recorders, and fully wired preview carrels. Over in the corner there was even a case half-filled with books.

Jenny told the librarian they were working on a report and needed to study a film strip on early insect artifacts, but even a fool could see that what they were studying was each other.

"I want to go. I really do!" Jenny said with feeling. She thought it better not to add, "*more than I want life itself!*" She wasn't very experienced with dating, but she knew enough not to appear too eager. She made herself promise she'd only hold his hand and sigh until the bell rang for English, just another 35 or 40 minutes.

"The thing is," she said, "that stupid Danny Gottlieb thinks he's already got a date with me Saturday. Besides, my parents won't let me go out anyway—not unless I go with a group, or at least I have to double. And the only one I know well enough to double with is Melanie and she's allowed to go out on a double or a single, even a triple, but her problem is no one ever asks her out on anything."

"Then it's simple," Ross said as he tried to extract the hand he used to throw touch-down passes from the very determined grip of her hot little hands. "All we've got to do is fix up your friend Melanie!"

"Oh, Ross!" Jenny squealed. "You're so *intelligent!*" He could hear the sound of knuckles cracking and he was pretty sure they weren't hers. "I know exactly who we can fix Melanie up with, too!" she said. "She'll probably have a total hyper-spas attack, but either Melanie helps me out with this date or she'll have to find someone else in cooking class who can tell her how many quarts there are in a pint!"

* * *

The person Ross LaCoste was looking for was the last person he wanted to see. In his opinion, Danny Gottlieb was a social leper. Danny not only lived in a totally different world, but whenever Ross saw him, he seemed to be out in space.

"I'm Ross LaCoste."

"Yeah, I know who you are," said Danny. "You're the one with labels on everything you wear, right? Those little snakes."

"Alligators."

"I knew it was something scaly."

Danny Gottlieb had been making the final twist on the combination lock in his hand when Ross walked up to him.

"Anyway, I'm glad I caught you while you were still at your locker," Ross told him.

"This isn't my locker."

"Oh," said Ross. His first impulse was to run from the scene of the crime.

"What're you doing Saturday night?"

Ross asked Danny, plunging ahead.

"What're you, some kind of weirdo?"

Danny made a threatening face and fist at the same time.

Ross dropped back quickly and started to explain about his date with Jenny.

"You ain't got any date with Jenny Williams!" Danny interrupted. "I'm the one who's got a date with that girl!"

"No, no, no, no," said Ross. "I think you're just a bit confused here. You see the day you don't have a date with Jenny is Saturday afternoon, remember? But I've got a date with her for Saturday night."

Danny wasn't scratching his head because it itched. Ross explained how Jenny could only go out if Melanie went out.

"Do you remember Melanie?" Ross asked him. "She was standing there with Jenny the whole time."

"Oh yeah," Danny said, "the one with the mousy hair."

"It's auburn. And she thinks you're really fantastic," Ross added, and he didn't even choke on the words like he'd been afraid he might. "She said she thinks you're . . . interesting."

Ross was prepared to go on, but Danny, used to rejection, had started panting.

"She said that? She said I'm *interesting*?"

Ross nodded.

"Is Saturday the earliest we can get together?"

* * *

"Ross, this is Danny," said Danny to Ross over the phone. "I forgot to ask you this afternoon, where're we going?"

"Let's make a big deal out of it," Ross suggested, "dinner, a movie. How about Chez Montage over at the mall? It's a nice place and then we can go to the movie."

"What's playing?"

"Everything. They've got eighty-eight screens."

"The movie part sounds OK," said Danny, "but I don't know about the restaurant. Is it one of those really classy places?"

"Sort of. You'll need a coat. You got a coat?"

"Leather. Is leather good enough for 'em?"

"Sure, I think it is. I've got a leather jacket myself—calfskin! Calvin Klein!"

"Mine doesn't have a Calvin Klein label," said Danny, "but it's got studs and three feet of chains."

* * *

Chez Montage was always busy on Saturday nights, but the maitre d' found them a table in the Renault Room. "Money talks! You can get any table in the house for the right tip!" Ross said as he pocketed the change the maitre d' gave him from his

dollar.

"What's with the candles?" Danny asked. "Somebody forget to pay the light bill around here?" Several heads turned; several people stared. "I guess I held you up a bit earlier," Danny admitted without sounding very concerned. "I thought I'd lost my tube of grease."

"I see you found it," said Ross.

"Really," said Melanie. "Your hair's so shiny, I should've worn my sunglasses."



"I think it's kind of nice," said Jenny.

"I can see my reflection!"

"Hey!" Danny said looking at the menu.

"What kind of language is this thing in, anyway?"

Melanie looked at Danny in disbelief.

"It's a French restaurant!" she said too sharply.

"I know *that*!" Danny said. "But what's this stupid menu written in?"

The waiter interrupted them with a request for their orders. "I'll have this vichyssoise stuff here. Medium rare," Danny said, and slapped his menu closed.

Melanie hit her forehead with her fist.

"You can't have vichyssoise medium rare, you idiot!" she cried. All heads turned; all eyes stared.

"Sir," said the waiter, "the reason you can't get your vichyssoise medium rare is because vichyssoise is potato soup."

"OK," Danny said, "I knew that. I was just testing you. I'll have the potato soup and I'll have it in a bowl. Or is it possible to order it that way?" he asked sarcastically.

"Certainly, sir. Anything to drink?"

"Water."

"And what about madam?" the waiter asked Melanie.

"Madam'll be sharing my soup," Danny said. "Just bring her a glass of water and her own spoon."

"You mean the potato soup is all you can afford?" Melanie asked.

"No," said Danny, "the water."

"Don't look at me," said Melanie.

"I've barely got enough for the powder room."

"They sell powder in this place, too?" Danny asked.

"Perhaps you need a little more time before ordering," suggested the waiter. "Perhaps I should come back later."

"Why don't you stay," Melanie suggested, "and Danny can go."

"I've had enough of this!" said Ross.

"You've had enough of this!? I'm the one who's had enough!" said Danny. "I'm leaving! I'm goin' out and get me some money! That seems to be the only thing important around here!"

"Don't do anything rash!" Jenny said in alarm. "Please!"

"I'm just goin' over to Pinball Heaven. There's a punk there owes me some money, big money, a lot bigger money than it takes to buy this over-priced slop!"

"Believe me, lover boy," said Melanie, "the garbage they throw away at this place has got a lot more class than some people I could mention!"

"MELANIE!" said Jenny.

"Actually, I've eaten here many times," Ross pointed out calmly, "and I don't think the slop's over-priced at all."

Continued on page 17

INTRODUCING

Phil Fly

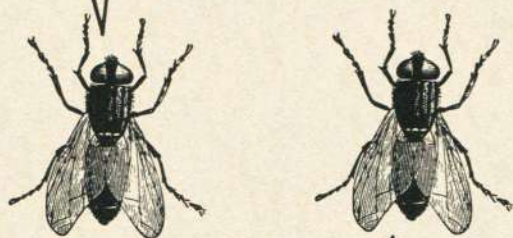
America's
Most Beloved Fly
Comes to BANANAS



Hi, everybody! I'm Phil Fly. I hope you'll enjoy my adventures in BANANAS. And I hope you won't squash me flat with a rolled-up newspaper!

PHIL FLY TAKES UP A HOBBY

I've found a great new hobby, Sam!



Since when is *smelling bad* considered a hobby?

No—I've taken up jogging! But there's one thing I really hate about it!



What's that?



Lacing up all these sneakers!

LETTERS TO PHIL FLY

DEAR PHIL:

Is it true that flies spread germs and disease wherever they go?

Nancy L., Chicago, IL

DEAR NANCY:

Yes, they do.

Phil Fly

DEAR PHIL:

Was that you I saw leaving a trail of slime across my bedroom window last night?

Ernie F., Atlanta, GA

DEAR ERNIE:

I've never been to Atlanta. It must have been another fly. People are *always* telling me I look like other flies.

Phil Fly

Send *your* letters to Phil Fly, BANANAS, 50 W. 44th St., New York, NY 10036.

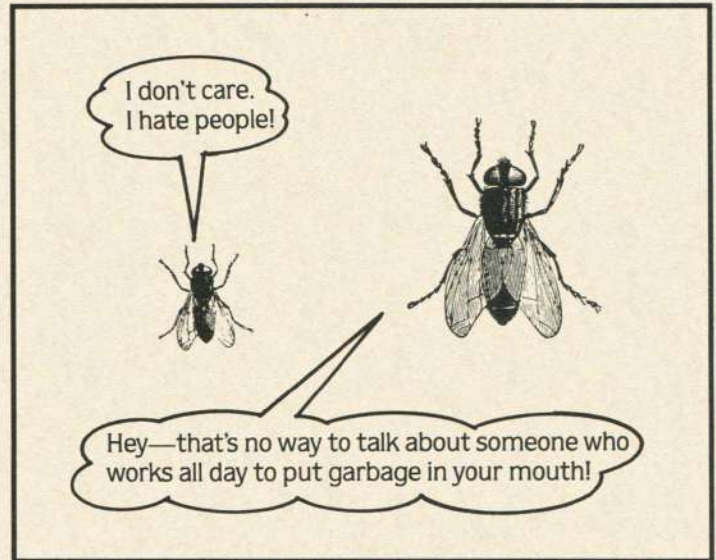
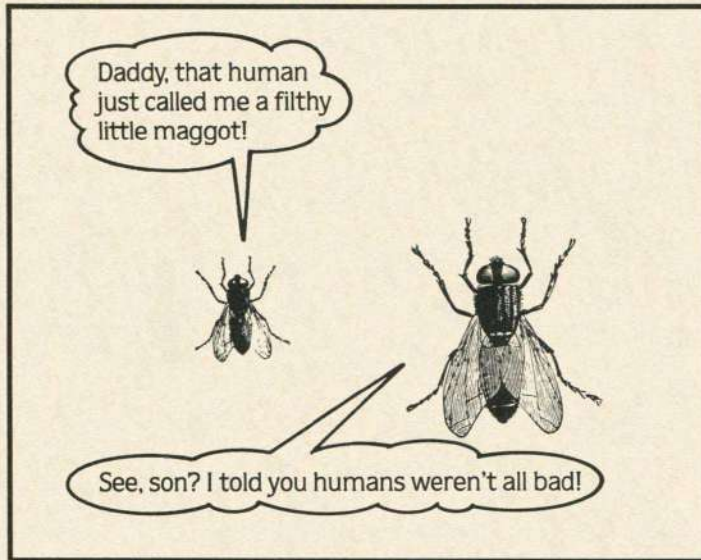
WHOOPS! A CANDID PHOTO OF PHIL FLY—SUITABLE FOR FRAMING!



Our photographer caught ol' Phil in someone's cookie jar, hiding out among the chocolate chips. What a great shot! Cut it out and impress your friends!

Type Design by Kirk Brown

PHIL FLY TALKS TO HIS SON



HEY, EVERYBODY, LET'S ALL SHOW PHIL HOW MUCH WE LIKE HIM BY SINGING "THE PHIL FLY FIGHT SONG"! COME ON—EVERYBODY SING!

"THE PHIL FLY FIGHT SONG"
(Sung to the tune of "Moon River")

Fight fight fight
Whether wrong or right!
Fight fight fight
Wherever you light!

Fight 'em low, fight 'em high,
Land on their head
and touch the sky!

We'll fight 'em in the North,
We'll fight 'em in the South,
And if they don't like it,
We'll fly into their mouth.

(repeat chorus)

**PHIL
FLY
SAYS:**



I want all my friends to know I'm trying my best not to spread Bubonic Plague!

**COMING SOON:
DETAILS ON HOW YOU CAN GET PHIL FLY TO
COME ALONG WITH YOU ON YOUR NEXT DATE!
AND: HOW YOU CAN SPONSOR A "PHIL FLY
DAY" IN YOUR SCHOOL CAFETERIA!**

GRANNY MEATLOAF'S TALES OF THE IMPOSSIBLE!



Impossible things happen every day in this crazy world of ours. And if you'll sit up straight and keep a civil tongue in your mouth, I'll tell you one of the most impossible tales I ever heard.

No one had ever been able to float all the way down the Katchamongee River, which is probably why Tom Hardy and his friend Joe Doakes wanted to try it. The year was 1952. Tom and Joe had just lost their jobs in the Unemployment Office. They tried to earn some money mowing lawns. But since they lived in a swampy, marshy area in which no grass could grow—and since they didn't own a lawnmower—times were tough.

That's why everyone in the little town of Katchamongee was surprised when Tom and Joe suddenly announced they were going to challenge the big river at its strongest current. "We're going to build us a raft," Tom said. "And we're takin' that raft all the way down the river."

Well, no one was more surprised than Tom's sister Mary. Mary was the only breadwinner of the family. She was a fur trapper. But since she couldn't afford to buy any traps, she had to trap everything in her teeth!

"Mmmpph mmmpph mmmpph!" Mary cried, removing an otter from her mouth. "Tom! Joe! Have you lost your minds!? Sure, it's tough losing your jobs at the Unemployment Office. But whatever put it in your heads to try to float down the Katchamongee River in a homemade raft?"

Tom and Joe looked at her sheepishly. "We think it's the least we can do," Tom said quietly.

"The very least," Joe echoed, putting the

otter in his mouth to try to help Mary out.

"With us out of work, Pa is rolling over in his grave," Tom said, ashamed.

"Well, Pa can just come out of there and find a job himself," Mary said angrily. "After all, he ain't dead!"

"You can't talk us out of it," Tom said calmly. "We're challenging the river—and we're going to win!"

"Mmmpph mmmppph mmmpph," said Joe.

The boys spent a few weeks building their raft. They couldn't find any good lumber in the area, so they were forced to buy an inflatable rubber raft at the five-and-ten. "This one has little ducks on it," Joe said excitedly. "Can we get the one with ducks on it?"

Tom agreed. The next few days were spent inflating the raft. Tom had a cold sore on his lip which made the inflating process slow and painful.

Mary did everything in her power to talk them out of this crazy notion. But to no avail. The boys had to prove something to themselves. They weren't sure what. But they knew they had to prove something.

Meanwhile, their stunt was the biggest thing to happen to the little town of Katchamongee since the fertilizer silo fell over right in the middle of the Fourth of July Parade of 1948. The town council built a big grandstand on the banks of the river so that everyone in town would have a good view.

When the day of the river challenge arrived, the Mayor gave a speech in front of the grandstand. Then he gave both boys a gold-style medal of achievement. "I thought mebbe it'd be best to give it to y'all before you

go down river!" the Mayor said cheerfully. The whole town had turned out, and everybody cheered. They kept cheering as the boys carried their raft to the raging river waters.

Mary tagged along behind, still pleading with Tom and Joe not to do it. "This raft won't make it through the rapids," Mary warned.

"But, Mary, of course, it will," Tom scoffed. "It comes with a 30-day guarantee!"

"But, Tom," Mary continued, "even if you make it through the rapids—which no one ever has—you still have to face the swirling white water of Turner's Bend. It's impossible to sail around Turner's Bend."

"Sometimes a man has to try the impossible," Tom said softly, testing the water with his toes.

"And what about Dead Man's Drop?" Mary cried. "Two hundred feet of sheer rock cliff. The water crashes down onto solid granite at Dead Man's Drop."

"You know," said Tom thoughtfully, "Mary's right. This really is impossible, Joe."

The two boys didn't give it another thought. They dropped the raft and took off, running to the woods as fast as they could, the fading cheers of the crowd still ringing in their frightened ears.

I'll be back next month with another Tale of the Impossible. Until then, remember—keep thinking the impossible—and you'll be impossible.

GRANNY

DON'T YOU WISH...

What's your daydream? Your favorite fantasy? They seldom come true—but we've all got them! Send yours to: DON'T YOU WISH, Bananas, 50 W. 44th St., New York, NY 10036. If we use your fantasy on this page, we'll send you five dollars

STEREO SALESMAN:

"Your warranty ran out yesterday, and your receiver broke today? Look, I'll replace it for you anyway. Who's to know you didn't bring it in yesterday?"

Mike Rose, Poughkeepsie, NY

PRINCIPAL:

"Sorry, everyone, but the school is being remodelled. We'll be closed down for two weeks!"

Andy Radujko, Los Angeles, CA

BUS DRIVER:

"You don't have change? Well, it's really cold out. You can owe it to me!"

Marci Rothman, Tarzana, CA

OLDER SISTER:

"My new boyfriend is allergic to makeup, and I just bought out the store's entire supply. Why don't you take it all?"

Penny Weigand, Wendell, MN

DOCTOR:

"Sorry—but you're just going to have to gain 20 pounds!"

Lisa Burns, Huntsville, AL

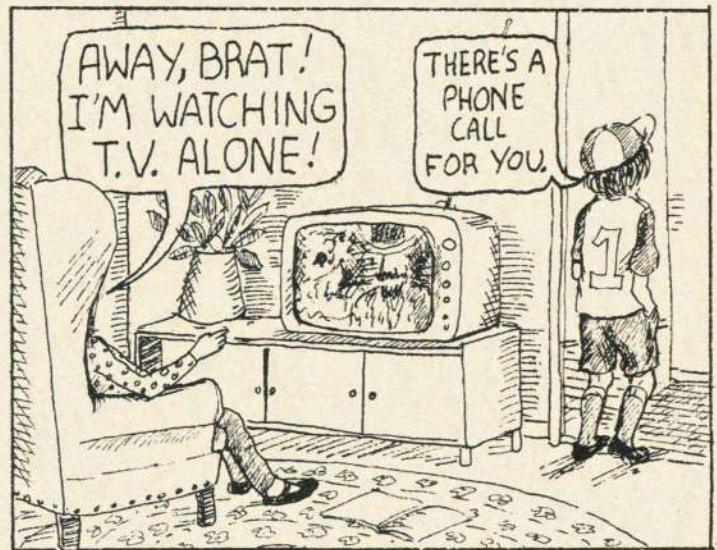
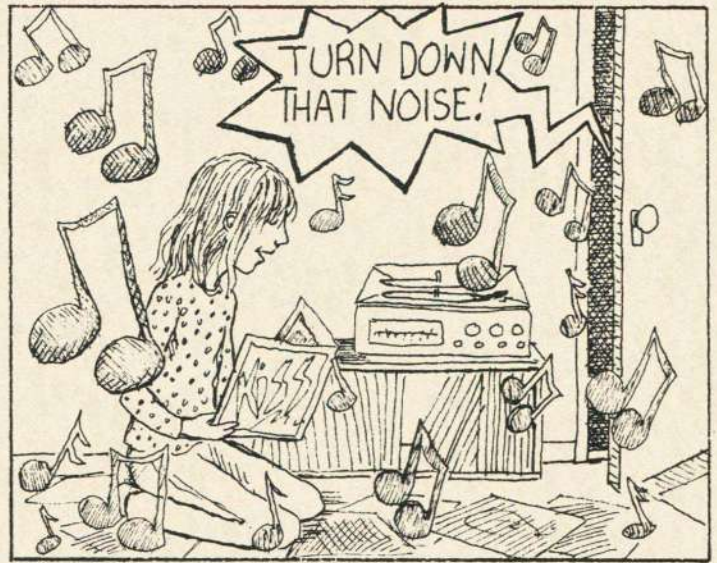
SALESPERSON:

"Oh, I'm sorry, Miss. That dress isn't \$91—it's \$16. I had the price tag upside down."

Lisa Georgetti, Northampton, MA

First DATE

By Alyse Newman



"I'll show all of you!" Danny said. He turned and stomped out alone, not even followed by his date's eyes.

* * *

A look of outrage crossed Jenny's face. "You guys are really cruel, you know that?! Treating a human being that way is just unbelievable, and I don't care if I never see either of you ever again the rest of the night!" She ran out of the restaurant in the direction of the mall.

Ross looked around in total confusion. "Now what's bothering her, I wonder?"

"I don't know," said Melanie, "but I don't think she went over to get a doggie bag."

"Really!" he said. "You know, I sort of got the impression maybe she liked that Danny a little bit after all. I mean she certainly didn't see him for what he is, not the way you did."

"He's easy enough to see through," Melanie said, "and I didn't even wear my glasses."

"You don't need glasses, Melanie," said Ross. "You're pretty enough without them."

"Why . . . why thank you, Ross, I don't know what to say," Melanie was blushing. She twisted the tablecloth nervously in her lap and two butter plates fell on the floor. "Oh! How clumsy of me!"

"I can't help but think things are working out for the best after all," said Ross.

It was Melanie's turn to be confused. "You mean all this broken china?"

"No, I mean us." He looked deep into her eyes as if he were trying to catch a glimpse of her heart.

"Yes," said Melanie, "well, it's getting late. Maybe . . . what do you suggest?"

Ross leaned across the table and took her hand. "I suggest the *Veal Cordon Bleu*," he said softly.

* * *

Pinball Heaven was standing room only. The entire pinball team was there, all suited up for the big games. Every machine was completely surrounded—even the ones marked OUT OF ORDER.

Danny was deep in the heart of Pinball Heaven looking for Andy Gomez, the punk who owed him big money. He finally spotted him in the driver's seat of the new "Sunday Drive Against Death" game. Andy was so wrapped up in the high-speed chase, his eyes so much brighter than the blips on the screen, that Danny almost hated to break his concentration, or his arm.

"Hey, man!" Danny shouted. "I'm here to collect."

"I plain haven't got it, man!" Andy

said, and there was fear written all over his face. The letters stood out clearly against the deepening blue of his complexion, the result of the type of persuasion Danny was using. "*You're choking me!*" Andy pointed out unnecessarily.

Danny turned to see Jenny standing there.

"Danny . . ." sighed Jenny.

"Jenny . . ." said Danny.

"Gurgle . . ." gurgled Andy. It was with a sinking feeling that Andy realized the spot he was in. He was going to miss the whole second half of his death race game. "Here! Here's all I got left in the world!" said Andy. He handed Danny a quarter.

Danny was furious. "I can't even get

***Jenny ran out
of the restaurant
in a rage.
Ross looked
confused.
"Now what's
bothering her,
I wonder?"***

my blood pressure checked at Sears for a quarter!"

"Please don't fight!" Jenny pleaded. She was hanging onto the same arm that had the hand that Danny was clamping around Andy's throat.

"All right," said Danny. "I'll take the quarter, but you still owe me, Gomez. You understand? You pay up Monday during biology when I get there, or I'll break every bone in your flipper finger!"

* * *

"This is the only machine in the whole place I don't have the record on, see?" Danny pointed to the Asteroids game where it showed the highest score ever. The yellow letters spelled out ANDREW J. GOMEZ.

Danny inserted the last of his worldly treasure into the coin slot. In a flash the screen was filled with deadly debris. As word spread that the great Danny Gottlieb was about to do his stuff, a crowd gathered. Jenny looked around at their admiring faces, and suddenly she was filled with such pride she thought she might burst.

"I'm just a quarter away from making pinball history!" Danny shouted while he manipulated the controls. "And Andy

Gomez is just a quarter away from being erased!"

GAME OVER said the screen.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhh!" cried Jenny. "Did you do it?"

The crowd was already thinning out. That was a sure indication Danny hadn't done it. "But, honey, that doesn't matter right now," he said, and gave Jenny a big squeeze. "There's one thing they can never take away from me—"

"Ahhhhhh, Danny!" said a very blushing Jenny. "You're so sweet!"

"Yeah, I've still got my name in all the other machines here, and someday soon—"

"I got news for you," Andy Gomez said. "You don't!"

"What's he saying?" Jenny asked.

"What I'm saying," said Andy, "is this afternoon somebody blew a fuse! They had a power failure! Your big deal boyfriend here's been erased!"

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh," cried Jenny. The tears began rolling down her cheeks.

"What're you so unhappy about?"

Danny asked coolly. "You're not the one who's been erased!"

"This is all turning out so rotten!"

Jenny moaned. "I've probably lost my best friend, I'm on a date with a punk, and I just remembered, I still don't have an elevator ticket!"

"C'mon, Jenny! Don't you even know there's no such thing as elevator tickets?!" Danny asked.

"Then what d'ya call these?" Andy Gomez asked. He was holding up two pieces of cardboard that looked just like tickets.

"Ohhhhhhhhh!" said Jenny, clearly impressed. "They *are* elevator tickets!"

"Yeah," said Andy, "I bought 'em the year I was in ninth grade."

"Which time?" Danny sneered. "Second or third?"

"I'll give you a dollar. I'll even give you *two*!" said Jenny.

"No sale!" said Andy. "These tickets go where I go."

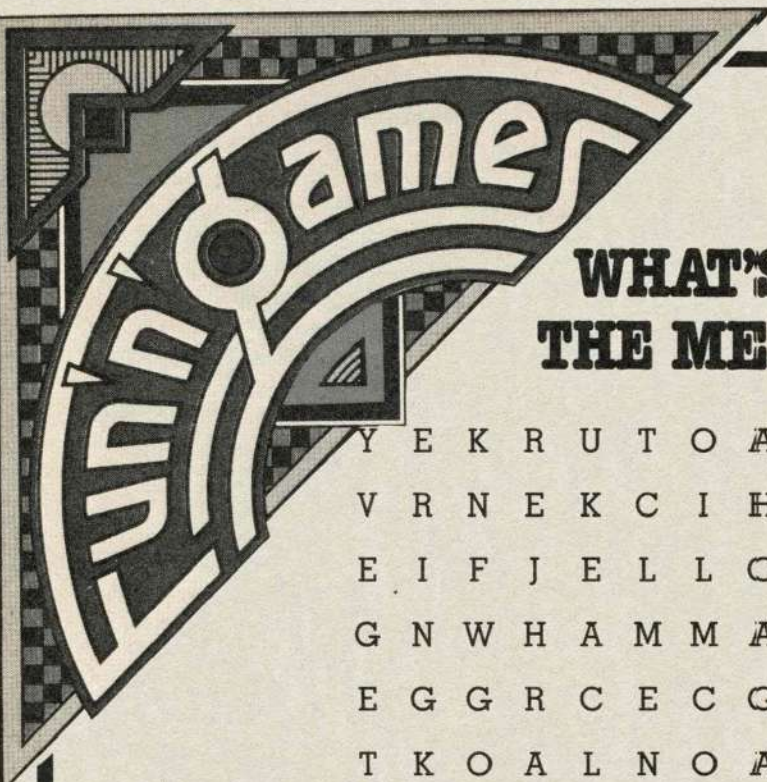
"Then I'm going with you!" Jenny said.

"Wait a minute here!" Danny shouted. "This is ridiculous, Jenny! You turned down a date with me to go out with Ross, then you threw him over for me, or at least I *thought* you did, and now you're dumping me—for HIM?!"

Danny pointed at Andy who was cringing underneath the "Death Star of India" game.

"And why not?" Jenny asked breezily. "I'm just looking out for myself. I want to go somewhere! And Andy's got something none of the rest of you have, something that'll help me get right to the very top! He's got elevator tickets!"

□



WHAT'S ON THE MENU?

Y E K R U T O A S T
V R N E K C I H C E
E I F J E L L O K A
G N W H A M M A N D
E G G R C E C G L N
T K O A L N O A H U
A A D E P L E E S S
B E T U O V T R I O
L T O B T I U R F D
E S H E S E E H C A

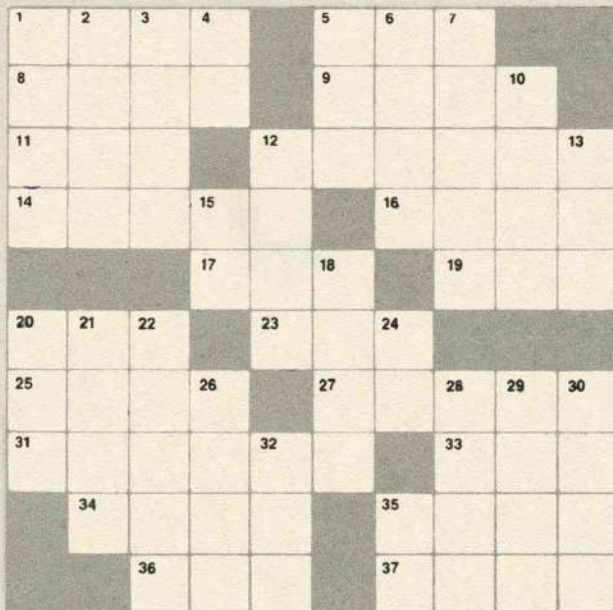
Hidden in the letters below are 21 words that can be found on any menu. The words are across, up, down, or diagonal. Remember—some letters are used more than once! When you find them, circle them. Rearrange the 5 left-over letters to tell what every restaurant will give you for free.

CLUES

1. I'll have baked, Virginia (3).
2. Get one with relish and mustard (3,3).
3. French egg dish (8).
4. Sweet dessert (4).
5. Thanksgiving special! (6).
6. Orange, apple, or pear (5).
7. Cutlet or parmigiana (4).
8. Dip one in ketchup (6,3).
9. Bubbly quencher (4).
10. Rare, medium, or well? (5).
11. Round fried onion (4).
12. Dessert that wiggles?! (5).
13. Shrimp or flounder (4).
14. Grilled sandwich (6).
15. Hot and super in the winter (4).
16. Choice of this or potato (9).
17. Cooked rye, wheat, or white (5).
18. Fried _____ in the basket (7).
19. Orange pekoe, Chinese, or jasmine (3).
20. Banana split *without* the banana! (6).
21. Luncheon meat (7).

Pun Puzzler

BE CAREFUL—ANSWERS ARE TRICKY!



TRICK OR TREAT!

ACROSS

1. Dracula's flying friends.
5. Attack cry: _____ 'em!
8. You're _____, like Bo (2 words).
9. "_____ A Teenage Werewolf" (2 words).
11. When he cheats in school is one (answer hidden in clue).
12. Fruit or color.
14. Wicked one (backwards).
16. Don't stand on that ledge (answer hidden in clue).
17. BANANAS' favorite insect: Phil _____.
19. Skeleton, house, or car (bkwds.).
20. Ghostly greeting (bkwds.).
23. Sneaky.
25. Man.
27. Haunting specialist.
31. Pop ranks with his tricks (ans. hidden in clue).
33. Purple Knight's Alliance (abbrev.).
34. Go away, Bobby's cat (ans. hidden in clue).
35. Loud moan.
36. Kitten Protection Association (abbrev.).
37. Here and nowhere _____.

DOWN

1. Big Halloween party.
2. Not a tac (2 wds.).
3. Camping equipment.
4. Susan Newman's initials.
5. What you call a huge monster when you meet him.
6. International Witches Association of Evil (abbrev.).
7. Sweet snack.
10. Fried or scrambled (bkwds.).
12. Wise-eyed animals.
13. Screaming sound.
15. Perhaps.
18. Young Ladies Ghoulish Society (abbrev.).
20. What stomp, pompous, and composition have in common.
21. Rowboat arms.
22. Witches' favorite color.
24. Hymie's nickname (bkwds.).
26. Tap on the window (bkwds.).
28. Precious gem.
29. Water or snow.
30. Tell a tall one.
32. Association of Tailed Kites (abbrev. and bkws.).
35. Us.

ANSWERS ON INSIDE BACK COVER

CAN YOU SOLVE THIS MYSTERY?

SHIRLEY HOLMES

DETECTIVE

"Shirley, please come over right away!" Joan Martin cried into the phone. "There's been an accident and I don't know what to do—I've killed Steven!"

"Calm down, Joan, and don't touch anything," Shirley said. "I'll leave right now."

When Shirley arrived at the secluded house, Joan was holding a candle. She showed Shirley into the hallway. "I've been without any electrical power since this afternoon," Joan explained as she shakily lowered the candle close to the body that was lying face down on the floor. "I shot Steven with the gun he gave me for protection," she continued. "I thought he was

a burglar."

"Can we sit down somewhere?" Shirley asked. "And you'll tell me the whole story."

They went into the kitchen. "I'm still so nervous! When I get nervous, I mix up a health shake. It relaxes me. That's what I was doing when it started to get dark outside. I got out all the ingredients—juices and fresh fruits and put them into the blender. But then I heard a noise as I started to drink," Joan explained.

"I didn't know what it was, so I took out my gun and started toward the living room. In the darkness, I saw someone moving toward me. The next thing I knew, the gun went off. A per-

son fell to the floor," Joan continued. "When I came close enough to see, I couldn't believe it! It was Steven! And he was dead! If only he hadn't taught me how to shoot. How will I ever explain this to the police?"

"It doesn't matter how you explain it," Shirley replied, "because your story is a lie!"

HOW DOES SHIRLEY KNOW THAT JOAN IS LYING?

(Turn magazine upside down for Shirley's solution.)

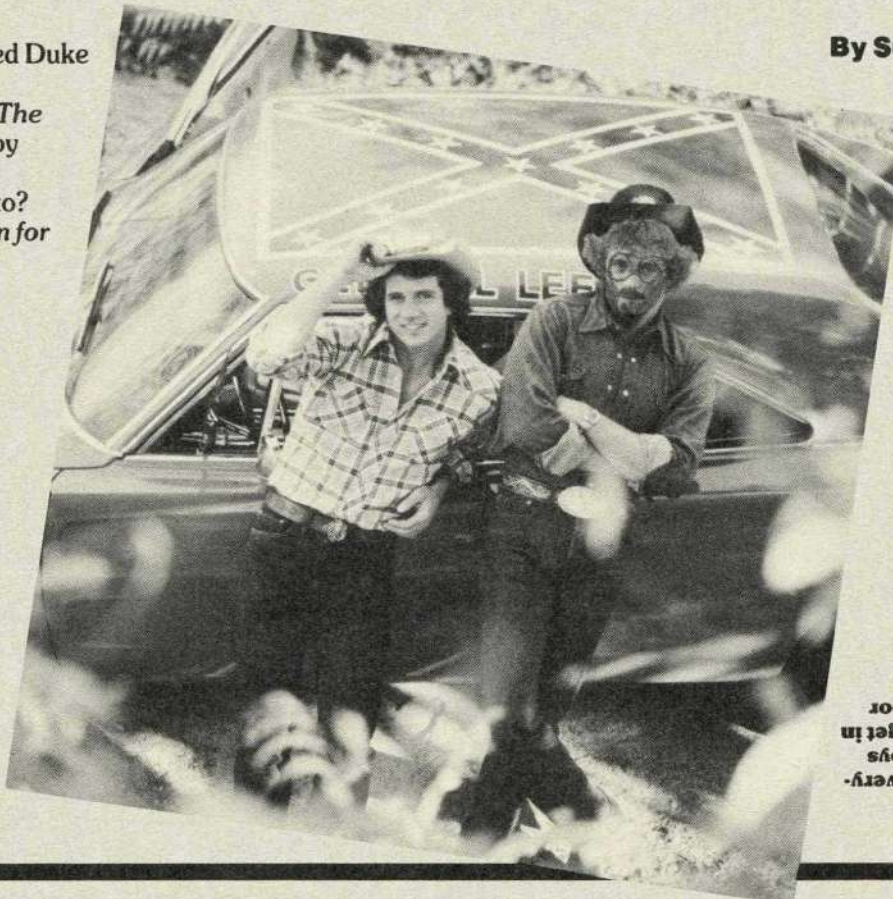
SHIRLEY'S SOLUTION: If the house was really without electrical power, how could Joan have used the blender?

BANANAS TRIVIA TEST

Here's one for you sharp-eyed Duke fans.

This is a publicity photo for *The Dukes of Hazzard* sent out by CBS.

What's wrong with this photo? *(Turn magazine upside down for answer.)*



By Suzanne Lord

ANSWER: The car door is open. Everyone knows the Duke boys wouldn't know how to get in or out of a car with a door that opened!

Hen Lighten Up!





*Tomorrow will be even
worse!*

60 SECOND INTERVIEW

BANANAS Talks to John Schneider

Bananas: How has all your success with the *Dukes of Hazzard* show made your life different?

John: Mostly it's made me very busy. It's opened a lot of doors for me. I have a single record out and an album. And I've got a tour for the album coming up. Plus, I'm doing a



television movie with Marylu Henner from *Taxi*. But the show and everything that goes along with it take up so much time that the only personal time I have is five or six minutes between takes—and that's it. That's including after work and weekends!

Bananas: Now that you've become so famous and so recognizable, have you ever been in a crowd and been worried about yourself? Has anything ever happened to you?

John: People grab a lot. If I do concerts or something, people will grab, and I don't really care for that. Ripping my shirt—that's only happened once—but it gets a little frightening. The people might as well be very upset with you. If they were mad at you, they might very well do the same thing. But luckily I have my rattlesnake (he holds up his hat with the rattlesnake hatband on it).

Bananas: How seriously do you take all the attention you're getting?

John: Not at all. Well, what do you mean?

Bananas: Well, around the BANANAS offices you all have the reputation of being very nice. And the success you've all had seems not to have gone to your heads at all.

John: Well... we are all very nice (ha, ha)! We're all just nice people having a good time working. I don't think any of us has experienced the feeling of thinking, "Oh, this is really happening and it's supposed to happen because we're really good." I don't think that thought has ever crossed anybody's mind—on our set, anyway. If it ever did, one of the others would hit that person over the head and say, "Hey! Wait a minute! You're wrong!"

Bananas: Do you ever worry about being identified as the character of Bo Duke all your life?

John: I don't worry about it. I try to work very hard to keep it from happening. If people call me Bo, I tell them to call me John. A lot of times people will come up to me and say, "Hey—you're the guy who sings"—and they won't say I'm the guy from *Dukes of Hazzard*. They'll just know me as the guy who sings, and that makes me feel real good.

Bananas: Is there any plan for the two of you to sing on the show?

John: Not at all. That's a one hundred percent NO. I'm completely against it. Bo Duke drives a car, and John Schneider sings. If Bo Duke can sing, then there's no difference between the two. That's a trap, and I don't want to make that mistake.

Bananas: Are there any changes planned for the *Dukes of Hazzard*?

John: Not a thing. Matter of fact, we're doing the same script—for the next several years! That fight scene you just saw? We've done it before. Matter of fact we've beat up these same two bad guys before! No, not really.

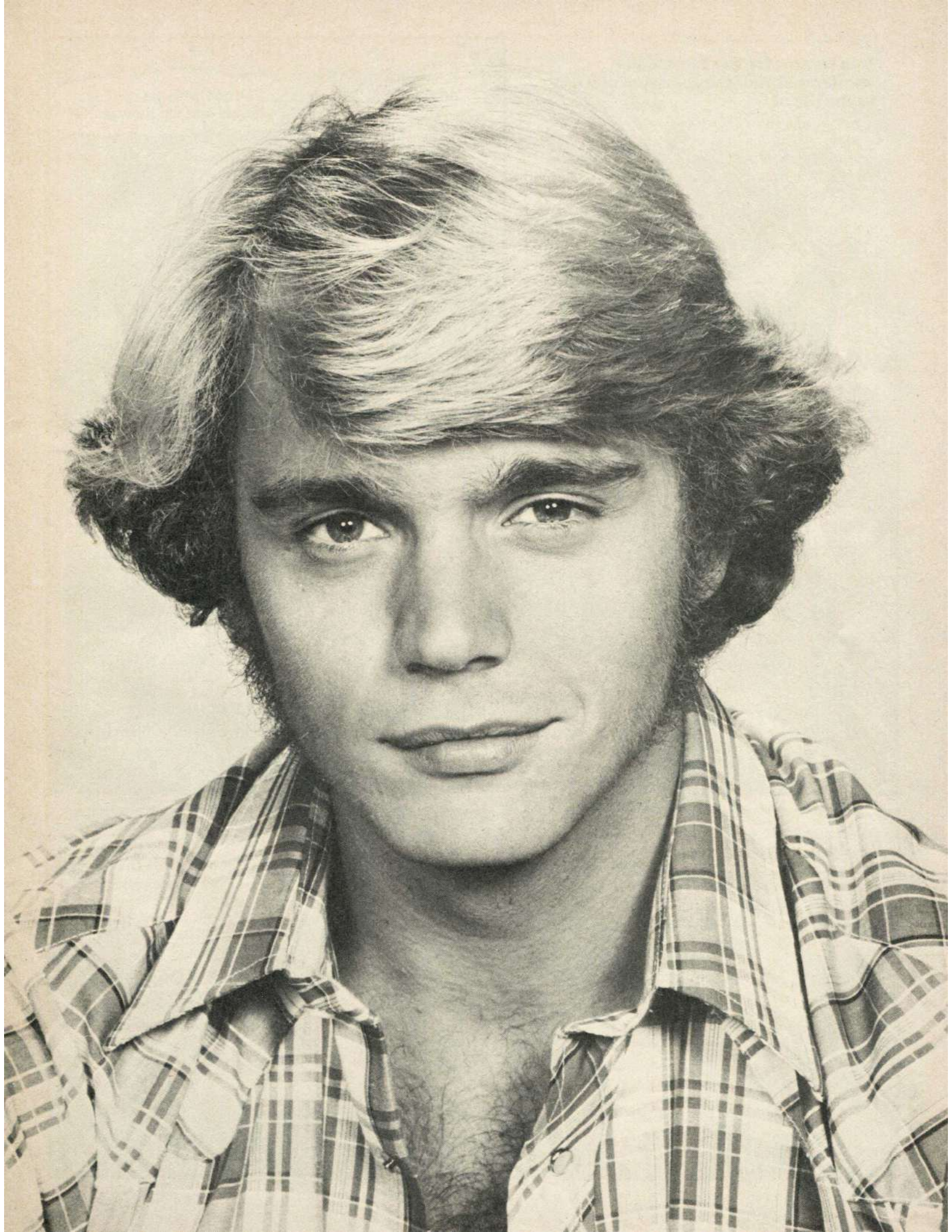
Bananas: Any possibilities for a spin-off for the General Lee?

John: What do you mean? A show of its own? Hey—take it! My back hurts!

Bananas: One last question—could you tell us what you think is the best way to get into the General Lee?

John: Sure—open the door! Ha, ha, ha! No. My favorite way is to jump into it, but nobody else will do that. That was an accident. I got excited one day, and jumped in there and I've been doing it that way ever since!

—Linda Aber



Join us now for the drama, the excitement, and the romance of a day in the life of

Kristy Kramer AND HER MOM

Text: Jovial Bob Stine

Photos: Dan Nelken





GRANNY JOKE



MEATLOAF'S PAGE!

STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD THESE...

My little nephew came up to me last week and asked me, "Where are the Alps?"

I told him, "How should I know? If you put things back where they belong, you wouldn't have trouble finding them!"

Just then there was a knock on the door, and my nephew went to answer it. It was the plumber. "I've come to fix the old tub in the kitchen," he said.

And my nephew said, "Granny isn't in the kitchen. She's in the den!"

That young whippersnapper didn't get the last laugh, though. I gave him a pinch that changed the shape of his face! Ha ha!

Stop laughing at me! I hate it when people laugh when I'm trying to tell jokes! Now, look. You got me so flustered, I sat on the cat. Oh, well. She'll get used to it after an hour or so.

I was walking down the street on the way to the turtle wax shop because it was time to wax my turtles, and I saw a little girl I knew. "How's your father?" I asked her.

"He's very sick," she replied.

"Oh, don't worry about it," I said. "He only thinks he's sick!"

Then yesterday morning I ran into the same little girl on the street. "How's your father?" I asked.

"He thinks he's dead!" the girl replied.

Ha ha ha ha ho ho! Kids do say the craziest things, don't they? I practically dropped my teeth over that one!

That darned nephew of mine tied all my socks in knots. No wonder I've been walking so funny all week!

I said to him, "If you'll be a good boy, I'll give you a bright, shiny new nickel."

He said, "Haven't you got a dirty, filthy old dollar?"

I gave him such a pinch, it looks like he's got three ears! Haw haw!

You should've heard him scream when I gave him that little love pinch. I said to him, "You naughty boy! I've never heard such lan-

guage since the day I was born!"

My nephew said, "Yeah, I suppose there was a good deal of cussing on the day you were born!"

That rascal! I washed his mouth out with soap. And to make the punishment even more severe I didn't use just any soap—I used a Brillo pad! Hee hee!

Last night I thought of a great joke that would have you in stitches. Too bad this isn't last night. I might still remember it!

CLIENT: I'm going to the electric chair in ten minutes. Can't you give me some advice that might save my life?

LAWYER: Sure—don't sit down!

I was trying to teach my stupid nephew the alphabet. I asked him, "What letter comes before J?"

"Who knows?" he answered with a shrug.

So I tried to give him a hint. "What have I got on both sides of my nose?"

"Warts!" he answered.

DOCTOR: Nurse, how is that little boy who swallowed a quarter this morning?

NURSE: No change yet.

I was in a horrible restaurant last night. It was a combination spaghetti restaurant and bait shop. I said to the waiter, "I can't eat this food. Call the owner!"

And the waiter said, "It's no use, ma'am. He won't eat it either!"

That's all the jokes for now. I've got to get these knots out of my socks. I hope I don't have to cut them off! Till next time, wipe that smile off your face, and keep your hands to yourself!

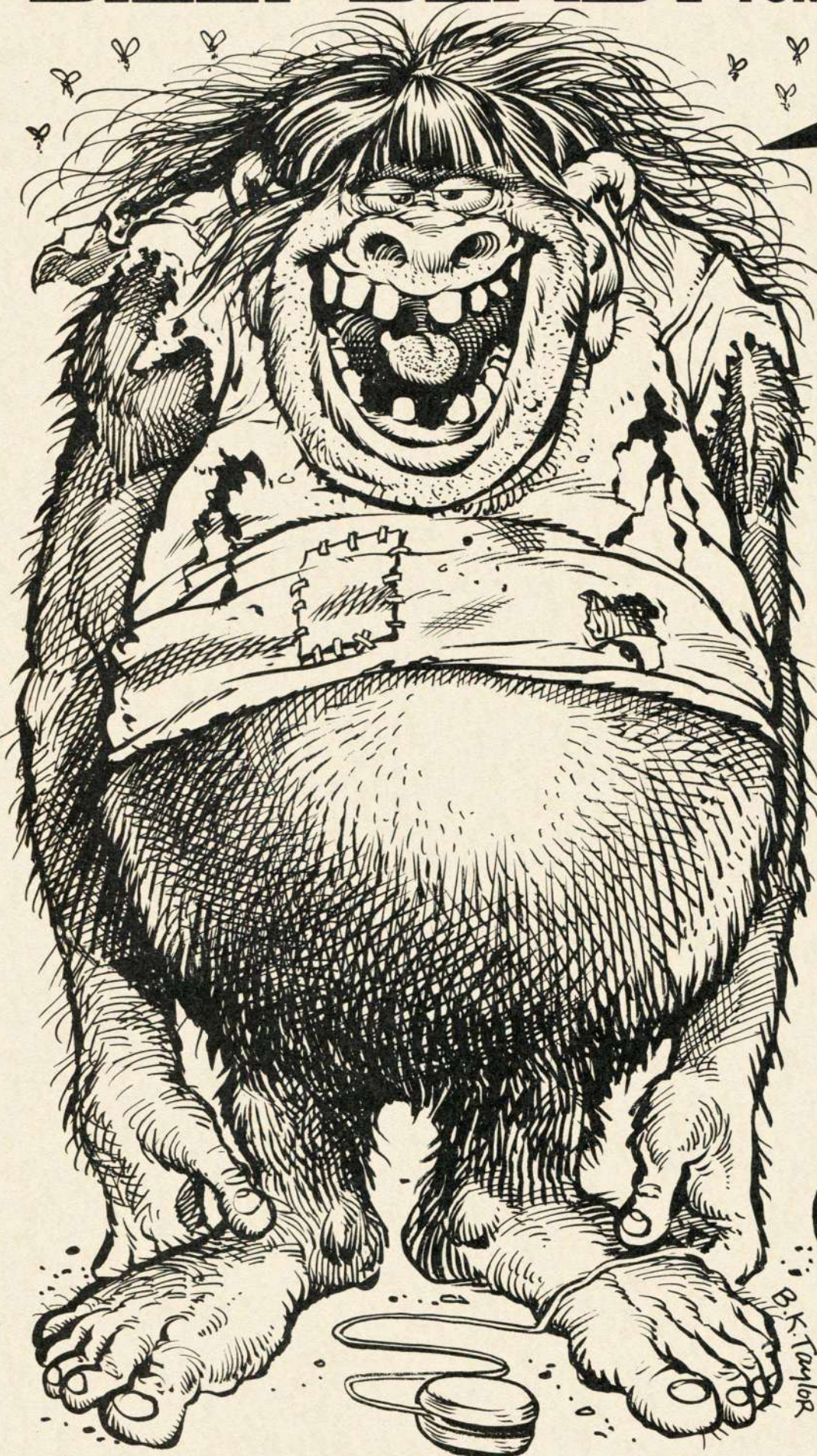
GRANNY

**PHIL
FLY
SAYS:**



Fly swatters don't kill—people kill! Let your Congressman know how you feel about fly swatters and rolled-up newspapers!

BILLY BEAST OFFERS 10 RULES FOR SCHOOL SUCCESS



1. Don't spit loudly in the library.

2. Avoid handing in homework papers that are covered with large, black footprints.

3. Keep your chewing gum pressed tightly between the pages of your textbook, and it won't be confiscated.

4. Wear a shirt to class whenever possible.

5. Don't whistle at teachers who might be able to tell who is doing it.

6. Leave your desk in the room when class is over.

7. Never argue for more than half an hour when the teacher asks you to help pass out papers.

8. Don't try to explain why your history textbook has large bites taken out of it.

9. Don't step on the phys. ed. teacher's hands.

10. Don't waste valuable sleeping time reading BANANAS.

Illustration by B.K. Taylor



Eddie—that's not what you told me last night!



I know I told you not to tell me what you told Jill.



No—you know I told you that. Not to tell me what you told Jill about what I knew Jill told you.



Of course you remember! I told Jill what you told me about what I knew you told Jill about what I told you about Jill.



Don't deny it, Eddie. If you told me what you told Jill about what you knew I told Jill about you—Eddie? Eddie?! Hey—Eddie?!!



Some guys are impossible to communicate with!



JUST FACTS!

Every month in **BANANAS**, *Just Facts* presents a treasure trove of trivia. Read *Just Facts*—then amaze your friends with the amount of useless information you know!

A woman once advertised a "solar clothes dryer," which you could send for through the mail. What did you get when you sent your money? A clothesline and 15 clothespins!

There is a company in Canada that makes a biodegradable golf tee. The lost golf tee not only dissolves—it releases a fertilizer that helps the grass grow!

Lucille Ball was once sent home from drama school. Seems she was too shy and quiet, and the school said she'd never make it as an actress because of that!

Al Capone's business cards said he was a used furniture dealer! (Wonder what he stuffed the furniture with?)



The King of Siam greatly admired President Lincoln. In fact, he liked the President so much that he wanted to help him win the Civil War. So he offered to send a shipment of fighting elephants right away. Lincoln said, as politely as possible, thanks but no thanks!

Have you had to eat humble pie lately? Plenty of folks did in medieval times—and it was a real pie!

In those days, when a deer was killed and a feast prepared, the nobles got all the really good meat. The servants got the "humbles"—the heart, liver, entrails, and other wonderful tidbits. These humbles were baked into a pie and divided up.

Nowadays, just as then, when you eat humble pie, you've been put in your place!

A ten-gallon hat actually holds about $\frac{3}{4}$ gallon.

Helpful Hints on Being Robbed . . . from 1835:

A traveler was advised to throw the contents of his or her snuff box into the robbers' faces. Then while the robbers were sneezing their heads off, the traveler could "salute their heads" with a good, strong walking stick, and make a clean getaway!

—Compiled by Suzanne Lord

Q & A BANANAS Answers Your Questions About EVERYTHING!

My brother and I like to watch Laurel and Hardy on television. I heard that they didn't like each other in real life and would hardly speak to each other when they weren't on camera. My brother disagrees, and we have a bet on it. Who's right?

Mary MacDonnell
Meridian, MS

Sorry, Mary, but you'll have to pay up on this one! Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy were lifelong friends, both onscreen and off.

Who got the very first speeding ticket? And how fast were they going?

Aaron Garber
Eugene, OR

Believe it or not, the first speeding ticket was issued to a New York City cab driver! The driver was arrested, booked, and jailed for careening down Lexington Avenue on May 20, 1899, at the outrageous speed of 12 mph!

My best friend likes to play practical jokes. What are some of the best practical jokes that have been played?

Jim Steele
Philadelphia, PA

Og, Son of Fire, was probably too busy inventing the wheel to pull many jokes; so the earliest one we've come across was from 328 B.C. Alexander the Great was invading India at that time, and he had his armorers make war gear

so huge that only giants could have worn it. Then he left pieces of this oversized armor around to put a little fear into the local yokels.

The rumor spread all over India that Alexander had an army of giants. He conquered the demoralized Indians with very little trouble!

In 1815 in Hester, England, an anonymous jokester gave out handbills announcing that the government was buying all the cats it could to solve the terrible rat problem. On the day and time announced, thousands of people arrived in Hester, carrying cats for sale!

Puzzled officials told the crowd that nobody was buying anything, and a riot followed. Cats flew everywhere. For weeks the people of Hester were cleaning cats out of every nook and cranny in town!

In recent times, a man named Brian G. Hughes had the nerve to pull off a stunning joke. He left a bag full of fake jewelry in front of Tiffany's Jewelry Store in New York, and a bunch of empty picture frames and burglary tools on the doorstep of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

It was days before officials of both places figured out that nothing had been stolen!

Send your questions to:
Q & A. BANANAS, 50 W. 44th St., New York, NY 10036. We'll pay \$5 for each one we use.



**DR. WALDHORN ANSWERS
YOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT
YOUR MIND AND
EMOTIONS**

By Dr. Herbert F. Waldhorn

I am writing this column in response to hundreds of letters from *Head Lines* readers of both sexes. Everyone seems troubled at one time or another about having friends and losing them. It is always upsetting when someone who seemed to be a close friend for a long time suddenly becomes connected to someone else. It

is even worse when the new friends go off in a separate direction and isolate you or exclude you from their confidences and activities. But the very worst examples of this problem are those connected with the feeling of being in love. When a relationship of this type gets broken off, it often feels tragic and unbearable, at least for a time. Here are some representative letters:

I am 12 and in love. He is the cutest boy I've ever seen, but he likes my best friend. I see them laughing and passing notes in class. It makes me so mad, but she is my best friend. I wish I could tell him that I love him, but I

can't.

—L.L., Quantico, VA

I have a problem. I like this guy, but he pays less attention to me now than he did when we were just friends. What should I do? I know I am not beautiful.

—J.P., Ft. Worth, TX

I had a best friend. All of a sudden, she got mad at me and I don't even know why. I asked her if she was mad at me but she just said, "No, you are mad at me!" I said I was sorry but she won't talk to me. I don't want to lose a good friend. What should I do?

—Stockton, CA

At the beginning of the school year I had two really good friends. One of my friend's friends transferred into our class. Now my friend spends all of her time with that girl.

She also does whatever that girl tells her to do. They are making fun of me and the other girls. What should I do?

—J.M.,

Upper Saddle River, NJ

I have a simple one-line question that I hope you will answer for me. How do you recover from a broken heart? P.S., I am thirteen, if that helps.

—Brokenhearted,
Medford, OR

For these letter-writers to understand why they feel so unhappy and so pained and desperate, they have to think about what they are going through in their lives at this stage of development. Some of the biggest changes that take place in the teenage years involve a kind of separation from your parents, on the way toward more inde-

(Continued on inside back cover)

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU, KID

DEAR CAROL:

I bought some new clothes this fall and have discovered that the shoes I got last year don't look right with them. What can I do so I won't waste money when I buy new shoes this year?

Donna C., Freeport, IL

DEAR DONNA:

Shoes are a major addition to your wardrobe since they can be quite costly—so shop carefully. If you're on a tight budget, stick to classic styles: loafers for casual wear and plain pumps for dressier occasions. Like fads in clothing, fads in shoe styles last a very short time. The classics go on forever.

When you go to buy new shoes, wear one of your new outfits or bring it along. This way, the salesperson can help you make an appropriate shoe selection. Try to choose a shoe color that will go with several items in your wardrobe. Be sure to wear either socks or pantyhose, depending on your outfit.

Here are some other tips:

- Try shoes on in the afternoon. Your feet tend to be slightly larger then because of the walking you've done during the day.
- Walk around in them for quite a while. Make sure the heel of the shoe does not slip up or down.
- You may not wear the same size for every style of shoe. Never buy a pair of shoes on the basis of size alone. Always try them on.

DEAR CAROL:

I've been on a diet since before last summer, and I've managed to lose the weight I wanted to. How can I keep from gaining it back as I have in the past?

T.R., Easley, SC

DEAR T.R.:

Losing weight is hard—but for most people, keeping weight off is even harder. Here are some tips:

- Snack on carrot sticks, celery, or cheese when you feel the need for inbetween meal munchies. Instead

of cookies or candy, eat fruit.

- Even though you've lost the weight you wanted to, exercise daily. Try to make your exercising more interesting by doing it with friends to music.
- Try to take up sports activities such as swimming or bike riding. These are good, physical activities that take off calories—and tone the body.

To give the illusion of being slimmer without losing any more weight, watch your posture. Standing tall with your shoulders back can make you look thinner. Wear darker colors. Make sure your clothing fits properly—not too tight or too large. □

Send your questions about your clothing, makeup, and the way you look to: HERE'S LOOKING, Bananas, 50 W. 44th St., New York, NY 10036. Sorry—no answers by mail.

What's Happening ...

By Kay Pasa

Hi, everyone! Everything is OK with Kay, and I'm back to report on WHAT'S HAPPENING in New York, Hollywood, and Nashville. Movie news is what's happening this month:

RICHARD PRYOR and **GENE WILDER** are teaming up in a third movie guaranteed to drive their fans "stir crazy!" . . . And **GENE** will co-star with **GILDA RADNER** in *Traces*. . . **LINDA RONSTADT** is all set to make her movie debut in the film version of her Broadway triumph, *The Pirates of Penzance*.

Those guys in the rock group **VAN HALEN** couldn't care less if the critics put them down. **DAVID LEE ROTH** says, "We think it's a compliment when they write stuff like, 'This album sounds like a trainload of screaming kittens on fire!' " . . . And **VALERIE BERTINELLI** has nothing but the best to say about her



VALERIE: Her husband is normal

hubby, **EDDIE VAN HALEN**. "My husband is not your typical rock star," VAL says. "Except for his long hair, he's so normal!"

ANSON WILLIAMS was excited over the great reviews and reception he got for his nightclub singing debut in Reno. But it was an even happier day when his mom dropped by to catch ANSON's act. In between performances, she dropped 75¢ into a slot

machine and hit the jackpot with winnings of over \$9,600!

GARY COLEMAN is making his second movie, *Jimmy the Kid*. . . Teen dream **SCOTT BAIO** is busy filming *The Wiz Kid*, in which he plays a scientific genius who develops supernatural powers!



LINDA: More *Pirates*

LARRY HAGMAN and wife, **MAJ**, often have some difficulty at dinner parties. "We're vegetarians, and people don't trust that," LARRY says. "They'd rather you were a gangster than a vegetarian!"

HENRY WINKLER and **RON HOWARD** are still thrilled at being first-time fathers. The **FONZ** is crazy about his one-year-old daughter, **ZOE**, and **RON** dotes on his eight-month-old son, **BRYCE**. **RON** says



ANSON: His mom hit the jackpot

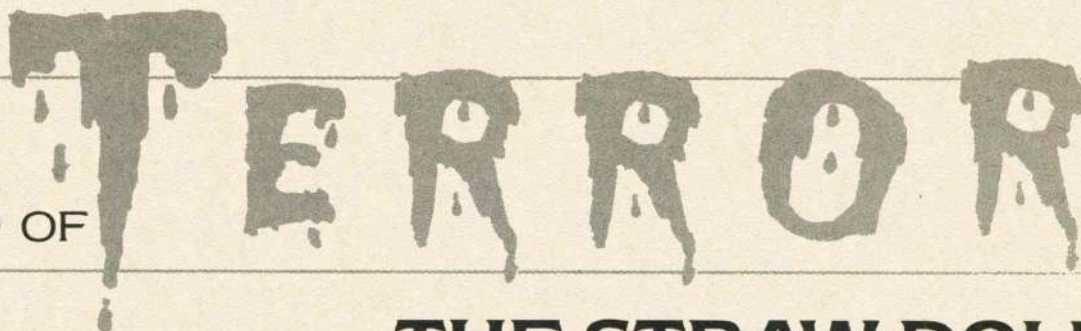
there's only one problem when the proud papas get together—"We find ourselves comparing different brands of disposable diapers!" . . .

Although he's recovering and looks as good as ever, a skiing accident in Utah cost **ROBERT REDFORD** a broken nose (his fifth!) and eight stitches in that gorgeous head of his! . . . **CHARLENE TILTON** must have heard the old saying that, "Diamonds are a girl's best friend." Although she dresses up in fancy clothing and jewelry on *Dallas*, it's all returned to the wardrobe department at the end of the day. So **CHARLENE** signed up with a diamond company for some TV commercials, and asked to be paid in precious gems!

I'll be back with more gems of the latest gossip next month! Till then . . . Bye for now!

KAY

TRUE TALES OF



THE STRAW DOLL HORROR OF THE HIGHLANDS

In February, 1960, Nathan Gore got good news and bad news.

The good news was that he had been willed his grandfather's farm in the Scottish highlands.

The bad news was that he would have to live on the farm, or lose it.

Nathan knew nothing about farming. He worked as a salesman in Newcastle, England. He pointed this out to his grandfather's lawyer. "I don't know *anything* about farming! I'll have to give up my job here. What will I live on while I learn how to farm?"

"Your grandfather thought of that," the lawyer told him. "He left a small income to be paid to you for one year. He also arranged that Griffith, his foreman, should stay on to help you."

What could he lose? Nathan wondered. He didn't like his present job. If he liked farming even less, he would just stay out the year, rent free.

By March, Nathan was still a long way from knowing how to run a farm. Griffith did most of the chores, and he stayed inside the warm farmhouse and read. "Time we got those fields plowed and put the barley crop in," Griffith told him.

Nathan yawned. "I'll think about it."

Griffith shook his head. "It's bad luck around here to wait. The last man in the district to get his harvest in has to carry Mother Cailleach for a year."

"What are you talking about?"

"First man to get his harvest in gives the straw doll to his neighbor. A man works hard to pass that doll on. The fellow who ends up with it must bear the load on his back, and Mother Cailleach weighs heavy."

"Heavy? A straw doll?"

"Ay. That's not always the shape she comes in. Sometimes she's an old woman, sometimes a bird or a fox."

Nathan laughed. "Well, if you believe that rot, I can see how it would speed up production around here. But this is the twentieth century, and I'm not going to be stamped by some crazy

Highland superstition!"

Griffith frowned. "Your grandfather had respect for the old ways. He took care never to be last. I'll put your crop in, but then I'm leaving. Harvest the barley yourself in August. I won't risk staying on with a fool who can't take a warning."

Although Nathan apologized, Griffith wouldn't change his mind. When the barley began to sprout, Nathan eyed every green shoot with dread. Would he have to thresh it all by hand? He didn't have enough money to hire help.

The land adjoining his belonged to a farmer named MacLean. In August, Nathan got his courage up enough to visit MacLean and ask for the loan of a combine harvester. "I can't pay money for it, but you can have part of my crop," he promised.

"Sorry, lad," said MacLean. "My harvester's already leased for the next month. But I do have something for you." He handed Nathan a package wrapped in sacking. Inside was an ugly straw doll, vaguely resembling a woman in a bonnet and full skirt. "She's yours for the year unless you can harvest before old Dottle gets his crop in."

Nathan pushed the doll back at MacLean. "Count me out," he said. "Pass it on to someone else."

MacLean shook his head. "No, you're next in line. Don't try to throw her away, either. She always comes back. Hard work is the only way to get rid of her."

Frantically and clumsily, Nathan began work on the harvest. His hands blistered, his sunburned face peeled, and muscles he didn't know he had ached. Every few days, MacLean came by to tell him which farmer had finished his harvest. By the end of August, only Nathan and Dottle were still threshing. Then MacLean brought the news that Dottle had his harvest in.

Nathan flung down the scythe and stumbled to the house. The straw doll lay in a corner of the kitchen. He stoked up the fire in the stove and threw it into the flames. Then he went upstairs to pack.

As he flung his clothes into a suitcase, he thought fleetingly of the barley that would never be harvested; of the farm he would lose by running back to Newcastle. But he had to admit he was afraid to stay—afraid of an unknown force the farmers called Mother Cailleach.

As he left the house, he had a feeling of being watched. It made him look back. A crow sat on the roof, its glittering eyes following every move he made. "Come back!" it cawed.

Nathan dropped the suitcase and began to run. He reached the road, then staggered as a sharp pain stabbed him in the shoulder. The crow had swooped down, hooking its claws into his shoulder.

Defeated, he turned back. As he stumbled to the farmhouse, the crow's weight seemed to increase until Nathan could hardly stand upright.

For the next year, everyone in the area talked about the amazing change that had come over old man Gore's grandson. From before dawn until after dusk he was in his fields. All the toil seemed to age him prematurely, for he walked bent over like an old man.

Nathan's summer harvest was first in in 1962. He loaded it into four wagons himself. Then he drove the lead wagon over to MacLean's farm.

"This is for you," he told MacLean. "No charge. Oh, yes, here's something extra." He fumbled among the baskets and brought out the charred straw doll.

MacLean, staring after him open-mouthed, couldn't help noticing how straight and tall Nathan had suddenly become. It was as if a great weight had been lifted from him!

—Margaret Ronan

Illustration by Cynthia Watts Clark



How's your after-school job coming along? You say the work is hard but at least the pay is low? Sounds as if you got one of the *better* jobs! Here's a BANANAS guide to after-school jobs that could drive *anyone* BANANAS. . .

YOU KNOW YOU'VE GOT A LOUSY AFTER-SCHOOL JOB WHEN...

Text: Suzanne Lord & Jovial Bob Stine

Art: Bryan Hendrix

YOU'VE GOT A LOUSY JOB WHEN . . .



You throw the newspapers onto porches, and everyone throws them back at you!

YOU'VE GOT A LOUSY JOB WHEN . . .



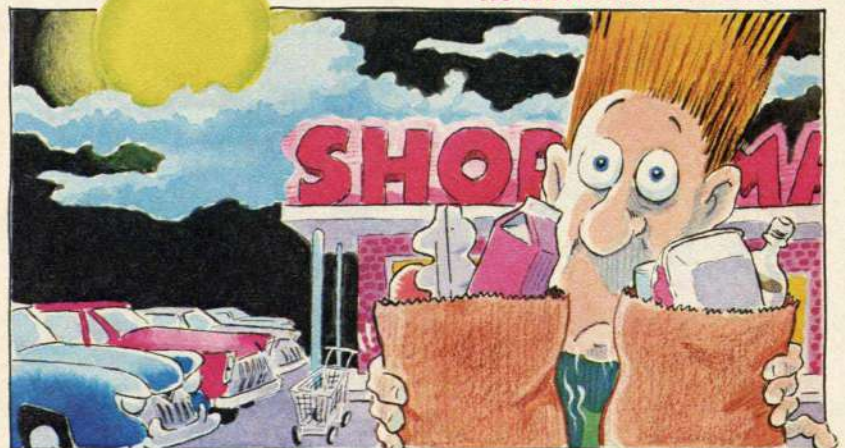
No one ever opens the door when you say you'd like to give them a special price on a three-volume Dictionary of 19th-Century Foreign Medical Phrases.

YOU'VE GOT A LOUSY JOB WHEN . . .



After sweeping for two hours, you realize the store has a dirt floor!

YOU'VE GOT A LOUSY JOB WHEN . . .



You carry the groceries out to the customers' cars and you notice things moving inside the bags!

YOU'VE GOT A LOUSY JOB WHEN . . .



You're asked to wear a bulletproof vest on the job—and you're working in a restaurant!

YOU'VE GOT A LOUSY JOB WHEN . . .



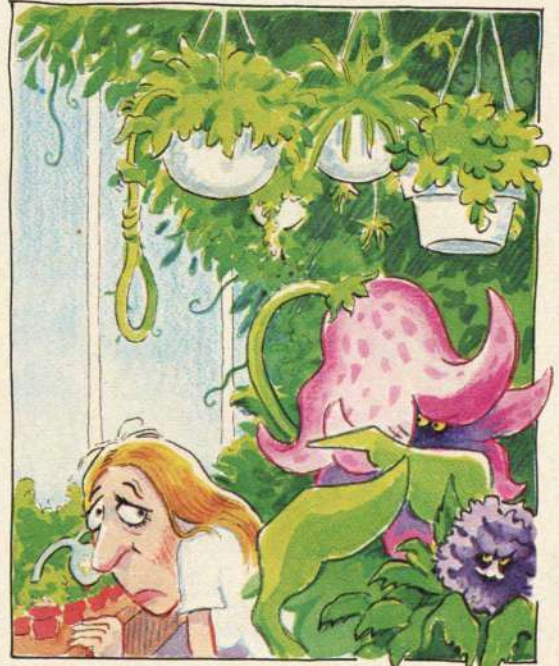
The store you make deliveries from is at the bottom of steep hills—in all directions!

YOU'VE GOT A LOUSY JOB WHEN . . .



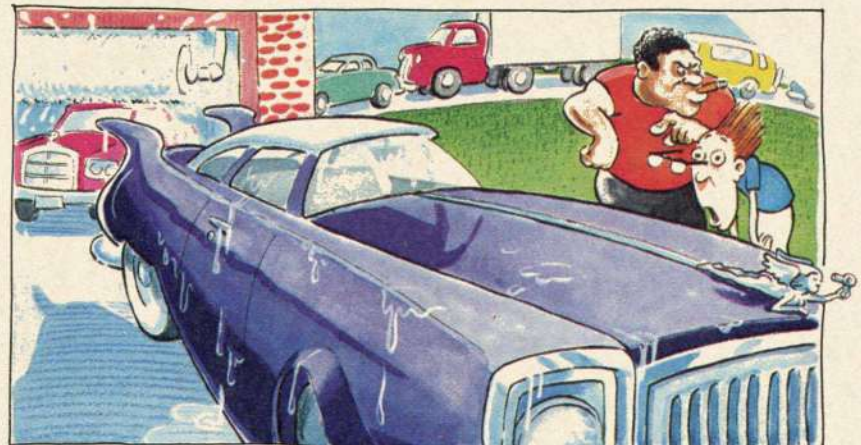
It's the kind of job that requires soaking in sheep dip before leaving for the day!

YOU'VE GOT A LOUSY JOB WHEN . . .



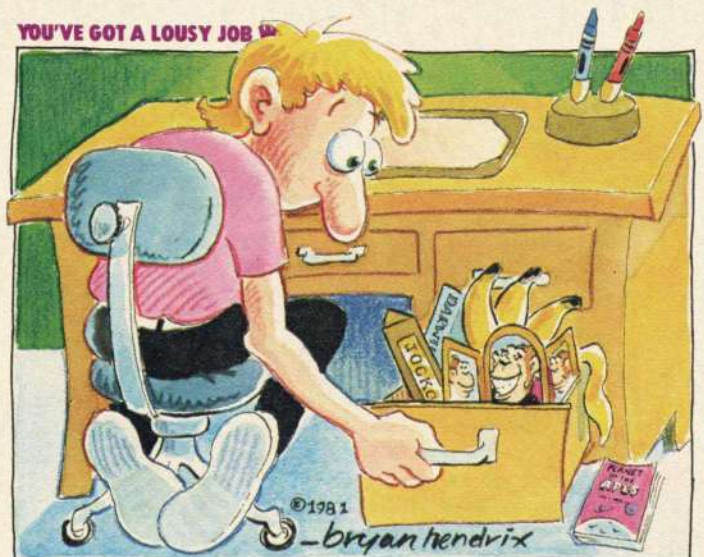
You work in a plant store, and you're convinced that some of the bigger plants are plotting to kill you!

YOU'VE GOT A LOUSY JOB WHEN . . .



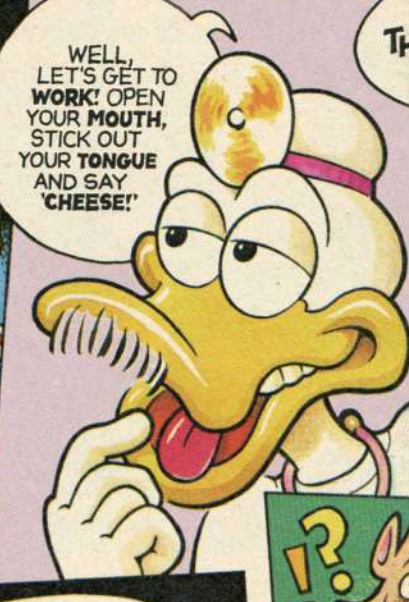
To cut costs, the car wash asks you to blow-dry the cars—with your mouth!

YOU'VE GOT A LOUSY JOB WHEN . . .



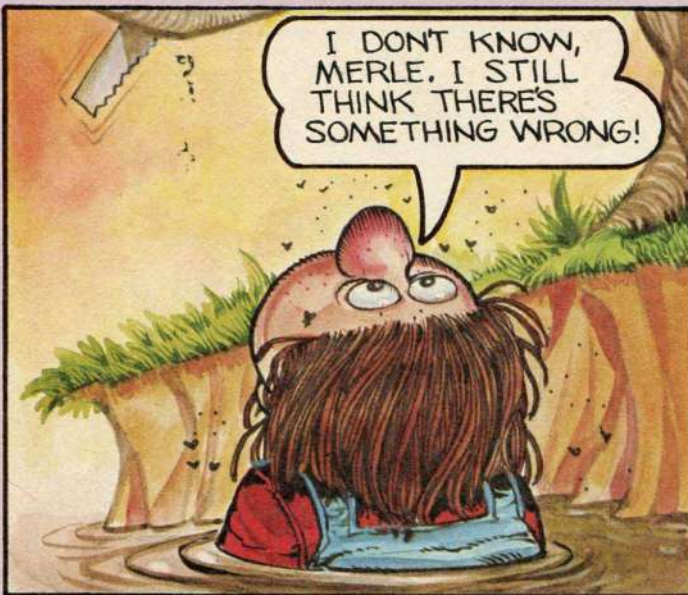
You learn that your job was previously held by a chimpanzee!

COMIX



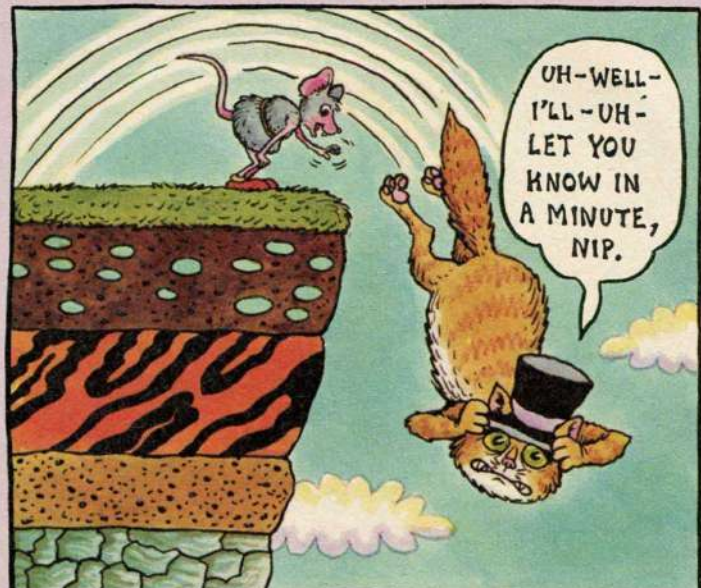
PIG HOLLOW

Art by Bob Taylor



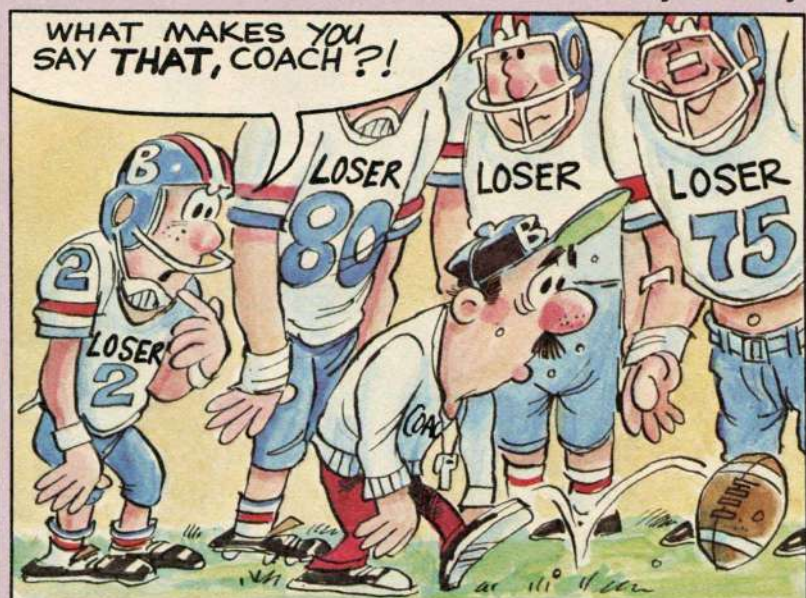
CAT 'N' NIP

Art by Diane Dawson



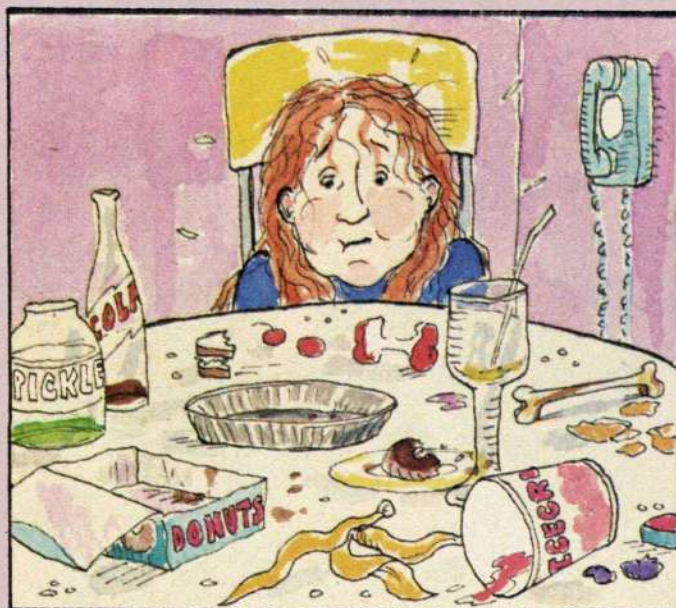
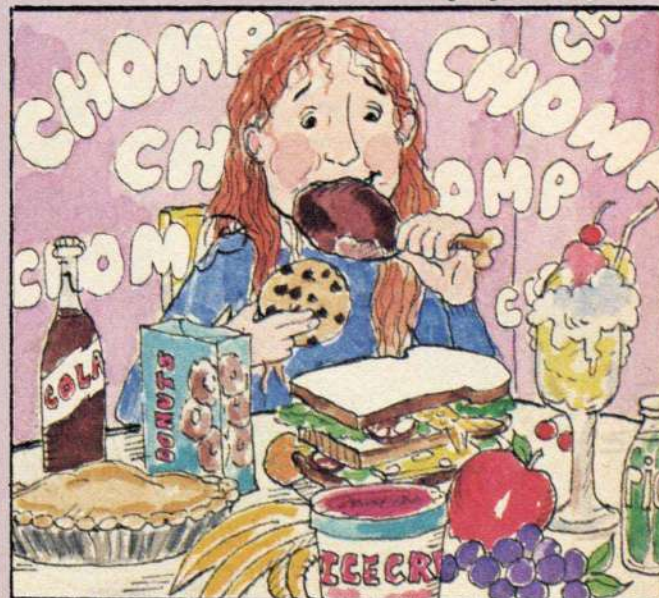
FUMBLES

Art by Bruce Day



MAXINE

By Alyse Newman



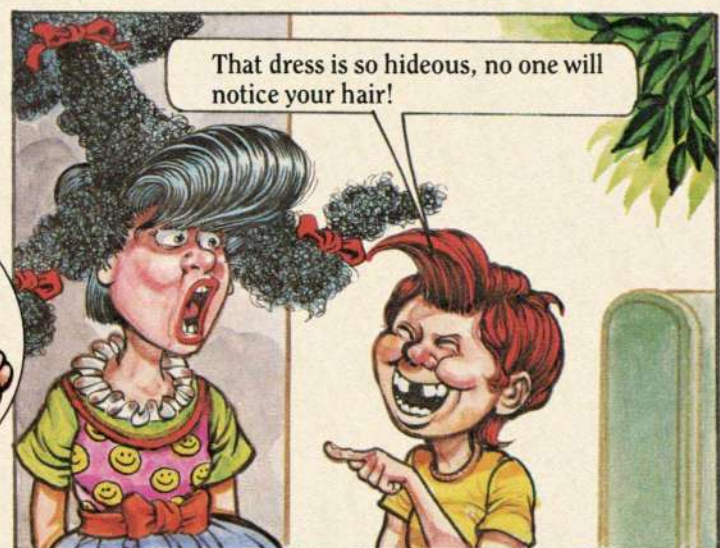
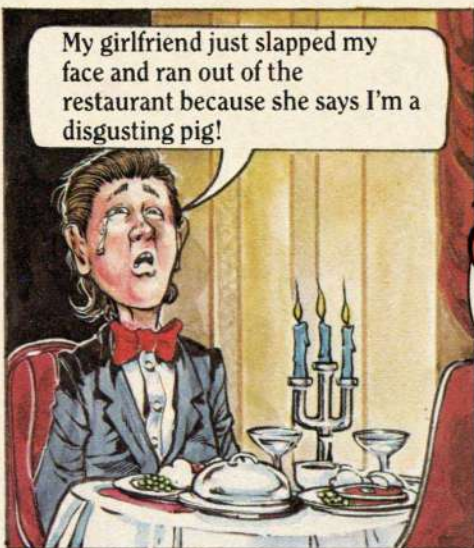
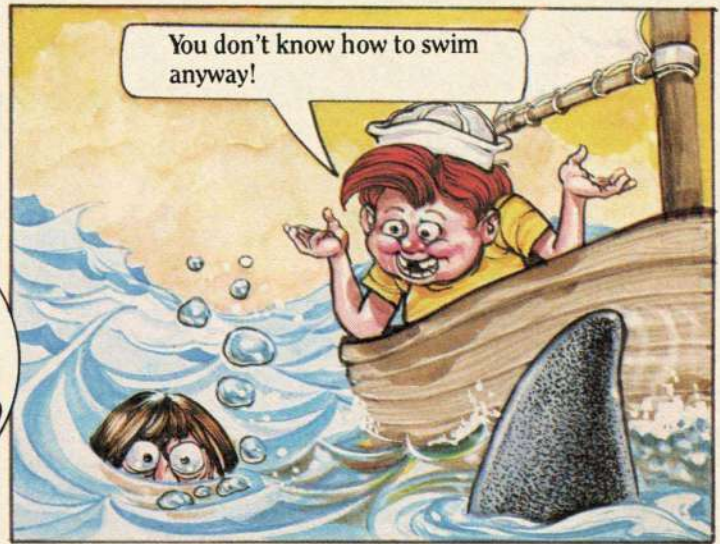
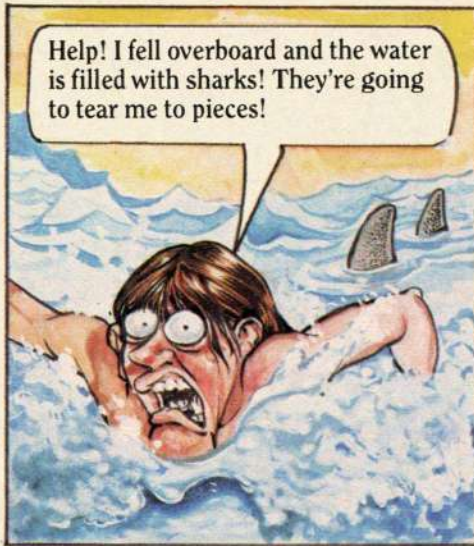
BILLY BEAST

Art by Bob Taylor





Hey-Lighten Up!



pendent patterns of thought and behavior. After all the years of early childhood dependence on your elders for guidance, for instruction in what to think and do, and for help in controlling your own body and your own impulses, you want to break loose and be responsible for yourself.

At the same time you can't face such a big change confidently or fearlessly due to inexperience and the limitations that come from still being young. So rather than tackling life all on their own, most people compromise and transfer this closeness and dependence to a friend or a group of friends.

When this kind of friendship breaks up, or shifts in importance in one person's mind or the

other's, the event carries with it some of the feelings of losing one's mother, or of being out in the cold without a family or any loved ones at all. Such shifts almost always do happen—because of the push to experiment with new experiences and the wish to break with the old. But new connections are made quickly. After a few such experiences, most people realize that it's more like a game of musical chairs than like being marooned on a desert island or starving to death.

When changes in sexual feelings and bodily features begin to play a bigger part in the story, there is a tendency to think and talk about these important friendships as being in love.

Here, the influence of the adult world around us—especially through TV and movies—operates very strongly, and everything gets expressed in romantic and sexual terms. But to talk about being in love is rushing things. These feelings and relationships come later on in development, at the end of the school years as a rule.

The teenage years are a time of growth, experiment, change, and discovery. Valuable lessons are learned from disappointments and separations, as well as from pleasures and gains.

When you look at the situations in the letters with these thoughts in mind, some helpful approaches can be suggested. Don't think of any friend as irreplaceable as

a mother or father. Try to look back at your recent experiences to see how it has been possible to enjoy one friend or set of friends after another. Don't be afraid to experiment with new interests or to pursue established ones. The more you learn and experience about *anything*—sports, music, books, games—the more you build your confidence, your strengths, and your attractiveness. Don't brag about being in love or being broken-hearted now. Let real feelings of love and affection *gradually* develop out of more fully-established relationships when you are older. In this way, you will have a much better chance of getting your romantic and sexual life off to a sensible and healthy start. □

WINNERS! WINNERS! WINNERS!

Congratulations to all these BANANAS contest winners!

From BANANAS #43:

The winner of the Smith-Corona ENTERPRISE Electric Typewriter (Courtesy of Smith-Corona Corp.) was:

Karl Davis
No. Chasen, SC

The five runners-up who each received a set of four BANANAS Books were:

Joni Keyes
Mansfield, OH

Donna Kinsler
Encino, CA

Laura Bowman
Southgate, MI

Jon Jennings
Eastman, GA

David Correa
San Saba, TX

From BANANAS #45:

The five winners of EAGLES LIVE albums (Courtesy of Elektra/Asylum Records) were:

Mike Klebba
Milford, MI

Andrea Warner
Clearwater, FL

Michelle Bartels
Rohan, MT

Steve Mathis
St. Charles, MO

Cindy Philbrick
Berlin, NH

The five runners-up who each received a BANANAS Book were:

Holly McCoy
Oklahoma City, OK

Andy Roberts
Akron, OH

Charles Greer
Shreveport, LA

Donna Foster
Trenton, NJ

Derek Jackson
Walnut, CA

ANSWERS TO FUN 'N' GAMES PUZZLES (PAGE 18):

ANSWERS TO PUN PUZZLER:



ANSWERS TO WORDFINDER:

1. Ham; 2. Hot dog; 3. Omelette; 4. Cake; 5. Turkey; 6. Fruit; 7. Veal; 8. French fry; 9. Soda; 10. Steak; 11. Ring; 12. Jello; 13. Fish; 14. Cheese; 15. Soup; 16. Vegetable; 17. Toast; 18. Chicken; 19. Tea; 20. Sundae; 21. Bologna; LEFT-OVER WORD: WATER



IT NEVER FAILS!

Got a gripe? Got something terrible that always happens to you? Quick—write it down and send it to: IT NEVER FAILS!, BANANAS, 50 W. 44th Street, New York, NY 10036. We'll publish the best ones we receive!

Illustration by Bill Basso

